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The Teaching of English Series

BALLADS
ANCIENT AND MODERN

No. 147

RUDYARD KIPLING

From a pen-drawing by
E. Heber Thompson

BALLADS

ANCIENT AND MODERN

With a Few of the Traditional Airs

Edited by
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THOMAS NELSON AND SONS LTD
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

First published April 1929
Reprinted 1930, 1932, 1934, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1945 (twice)

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INTRODUCTION

THE term "ballad," deriving originally from the Italian *ballata*, a dancing-song, has been so variously and, indeed, so loosely applied that it would be quite impossible at this time of day to comprise all its significations within a single definition. "A simple story in simple verse" would describe adequately most of the pieces in the present selection, ancient or modern; and if we wish to gain a more extended and detailed acquaintance with their nature we cannot do better than study the ballads themselves, singly and collectively, at first hand.

The most obvious characteristic of the ancient ballads is certainly their fondness for repetition. Sometimes it is a single phrase:

> "They hadna sailed a league, a league,
> A league but barely three."

Sometimes it is an entire line or stanza. Orders and messages, for example, are nearly always repeated word for word, either by the recipient or by the messenger, and questions are answered in phrasing so identical as to appear ironical. There is no need to exemplify this peculiarity, instances of which can be found in any of the older ballads. A feature more remarkable, though less frequently remarked, is the manner in which this repetition can be made to further the progress of the narrative, each reiteration having, as it were, a fresh inflection:

> "'O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
> Peace for a little while!
> Methinks I see my own father,
> Come riding by the stile.

'Oh father, oh father, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee!
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree.'

'None of my gold now you shall have,
Nor likewise of my fee;
For I am come to see you hanged,
And hangèd you shall be.'

'O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own mother——' "

And so on with her brother and sister, until at last her true-love presents himself:

"'Some of my gold now you shall have,
And likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you saved,
And savèd you shall be.'"

Thus *The Maid freed from the Gallows*. Less perfect examples may be noted in several of the ballads of this selection. Other characteristic features of the ballads are their crudity of rhyme and rhythm, and their use of conventional epithets and phrases. Thus every ship is a gallant ship, all "gowd" is red and generally good, if one is brass on the outside another is sure to be steel within, and the function of every seaman is to bear his vessel company.

These and similar matters are not without their significance, as will presently appear, but they are not, after all, of the essence, forming the easiest of prey for the clever parodist such as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch or C. S. Calverley. A more essential quality of the ancient ballad is its so-called impersonality. From most other poems, especially lyrical poems, it is possible to gather something of the writer's temperament, to read between the lines certain broad aspects

of his character. With the ancient ballads this is difficult, if not impossible. There is here none of the elaborate choice of words, none of the meticulous balance of phrase and pruning of epithets one finds in modern writers. Their simplicity, unlike the simplicity of later poets, is not a matter of words, but of thought and outlook, arising from the simpler order of society which produced them.

For the ballads belong to a time when the world was young, though precisely how young is another matter. Were they, as some critics assert, the mutilated remains of the old metrical romances of the Middle Ages, preserved and carried from land to land by the wandering minstrels, the *jongleurs* and gleemen of the time? Are their crudities the marks of an inferior mind botching together what it has imperfectly understood and but dimly remembered? Are their repetitions and conventional phrases the stock-in-trade of the professional craftsman? Certain it is that we have no copy, either written or printed, of any acknowledged ballad earlier than this period, and but few, indeed, earlier than 1600, though the language of many is older than that date.

Another school of critics has a very different theory. If the ballads were made by the minstrels, they inquire, why is it that in so few cases they can be connected with the names of particular minstrels—why do we find them taken down from the recitation of the common people? And is it not possible that, as the common people have kept them in memory, the common people also composed them? The name "ballad" signifies a dancing-song, the dances of primitive peoples to this day are accompanied by ballads, the progressive repetition (noted above) is paralleled by the singing-games and action-songs of childhood, and individual ballads are found in surprisingly close resemblance in many and widely separated countries. From all this they conclude that the oldest ballads are

immeasurably ancient, having their origin, like many of the peoples of Europe themselves, in a common stock at a period long prior to the dawn of either history or literature as we know it. It is a commonplace of criticism, they urge, that all early heroic poetry is founded on a yet earlier oral tradition; and, all in all, that the romances were founded on the ballads is just as likely as the reverse assumption.

It is fortunate that the point is not vital, however interesting, for it can hardly be decided one way or the other. It is more illuminating, on the whole, to consider the history of the ballad in its less doubtful aspects. Thus, without invoking the theory of great antiquity, we can find a sufficient explanation of the crudity and the impersonality of these old poems, as well as the great number of versions in which many exist, in the way in which they were preserved in quite recent times. They were, we know, borne in mind from generation to generation and transmitted by word of mouth, losing or gaining details to suit the taste of the narrator and his audience, until, like the old cloak in Robin Hood, they were patched both before and behind, and all traces of the original authors—if they had any—were entirely lost. Many were published in broadside form by the metre-ballad-mongers of Elizabethan times, of whom Shakespeare's Autolycus is a type—a class of men, like "rogues, sturdy beggars, and common players," obnoxious to the powers of law and order. In the seventeenth century the demand for broadside versions increased, and a number of these are still extant in various collections. It was not, however, till the eighteenth century, when Allan Ramsay set the fashion with *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, that scholars began to interest themselves deliberately in this "oral literature," to seek out those in whose memories the old ballads still lingered, and, taking them down from recitation or singing, to publish them as minstrelsies,

garlands, and what not. Of these eighteenth-century collections by far the most important was Thomas Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, 1765, for it came at a time when English poesy was deeply in need of its example and inspiration. Percy was by no means impeccable as an editor, and his efforts to "restore" the materials at his disposal were not always happy; but although other and perhaps some better collections have appeared since his time, for instance Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, it is safe to say that none has had a greater or more far-reaching influence on the course of later poetry.

English poetry, in 1765, had fallen on evil days. The artificial verse of the school of Pope, highly polished, technically perfect, rich in epigram and in wit, had passed through its zenith to its decline, and no new genius had arisen to give poetry a fresh bent and a fresh impetus. New forces, however, were at work, as you may see in the pages of such men as Cowper and Collins, and among these forces the ballad took a leading place. It helped to bring back to literature a fresh sense of the eternal wonder of life, a sense of mystery in the simple facts of existence, a zest for the heroic and the romantic, an interest in the broader humours of a more primitive world. The cobwebs were swept away, and the windows opened in the chambers of poesy—magic windows

> "opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

We see its influence in the "light-horse epics" of Scott, and after Scott in Byron; we see it, more important still, in the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge, 1798. That collection of masterpieces, which proved to be the herald of the Romantic Revival, owes a direct and an acknowledged debt to the traditional ballads, not only in the plan and style

of such things as *The Ancient Mariner*—easily the best "modern ballad" we have, though over-long to be included here—but also in the new outlook on poetry and its possibilities, for example the studied simplicity of the language. The influence of the ballads, thus happily inaugurated, has never ceased to make itself felt, in a greater simplicity, a stronger and more direct utterance, and a greater intensity of feeling. The very style and mannerisms of the ballad have brought their contribution, as the number and quality of the pieces in Part II of this little anthology will bear witness. These "ballad-poems" are only imitations of the ancient ballads in a certain sense; rarely has the effort been more than perfunctory to compete with them in their own peculiar impersonality, or to copy their roughness and garrulity. Yet in spirit and imagination, in point and pith, in the things that made the ancient ballads poetry, the new are not unworthy to take their place beside them.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to use copyright pieces thanks are due, and are hereby tendered to: Sir William Watson for "The Ballad of Semmerwater"; Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch for "The New Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens"; Mr. Alfred Noyes and Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Ltd., for "The Highwayman," from *Collected Poems*; Mr. W. H. Ogilvie for "The Raiders"; Miss Gales and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd., for the "Ballad of St. Christopher" by R. L. Gales; Mr. W. B. Yeats and Messrs. Ernest Benn for "The Ballad of Father Gilligan," from *Poems*; Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Methuen for "The Ballad of East and West," from *Barrack Room Ballads*; Sir Henry Newbolt for "San Stefano"; and Dr. Greville MacDonald and Messrs. Chatto & Windus for "The Yerl of Waterydeck," from *Poetical Works* by George Macdonald.

Part 1
ANCIENT BALLADS

BALLADS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

1. OF FERLIES AND OF GRAMMARYE

Thomas the Rhymer

[Thomas of Erceldoune—*i.e.*, Earlston, on the Scottish Border—is known to have lived in the thirteenth century. He was credited with the gift of prophecy, and many of his sayings were long current in England as well as Scotland.]

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank ;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e ;
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne ;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled aff his cap
And louted low down to his knee :
" All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

" O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
" That name does not belang to me ;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

" Harp and carp, Thomas," she said,
" Harp and carp along wi' me ;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

" Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never dauntonme ; "
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

" Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,
" True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me ;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's ta'en True Thomas up behind ;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on—
The steed gaed swifter than the wind—
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

" Light down, light down now, True Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee ;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

" O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers ?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

" And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across the lily leven ?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

" And see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae ?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

" But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see ;
For, if ye speak word in Elfyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee ;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree :
" Take this for thy wages, True Thomas,
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."

" My tongue is my ain," True Thomas said ;
" A gudely gift ye wad gie to me !
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

" I dought neither speak to prince nor peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."
" Now hold thy peace," the lady said,
" For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green ;
And till seven years were gane and past
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

The Wife of Usher's Well

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she ;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

" I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me
In earthly flesh and blood ! "

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh ;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

" Blow up the fire, my maidens !
Bring water from the well !
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide ;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the grey ;
The eldest to the youngest said,
" 'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawed but once,
And clapped his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
" Brother, we must awa'.

" The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide ;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

" Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may ;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day."

" Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
Fareweel to barn and byre !
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire."

The Demon Lover

" O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more ? "—
" O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

" O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife ;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e :
" I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground
If it hadna been for thee.

" I might have had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea ;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it no' been for love o' thee."

" If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yoursel ye had to blame ;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kenned that I was nane."

" O false are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their false bodie ;
I ne'er wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it no' been for love o' thee."

" If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go ? "

" I have seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land ;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissed them baith cheek and chin ;
" O fare ye weel, my ain twa babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold ;
But the sails were o' the taffetie
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

" O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
" Of your weeping now let me be ;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italie."

" O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on ? "
" O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
" Where you will never won."

" O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
" All so dreary wi' frost and snow ? "
" O yon is the mountain of hell," he said,
" Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed to be ;
Until that the tops o' the gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

He struck the topmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee ;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

Binnorie

[A very old ballad, existing in many versions in Scandinavia, and with several variations in English, especially in the refrain. The following is the most musical and also the most popular version.]

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bour ;
Binnorie, O Binnorie !
There cam' a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a'thing.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sair envied her sister fair.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
She cried upon her sister dear :

" O sister, sister, tak' my hand,
And we'll see our father's ships to land."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river-strand.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest cam' and pushed her in.

" O sister, sister, reach your hand !
And ye shall be heir o' half my land :

" O sister, reach me but your glove !
And sweet William shall be your love."

" Foul fa' the hand that I should take ;
It twin'd me o' my warldis make.

" Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair
Gar'd me gang maiden evermair."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Until she cam' to the miller's dam.

Out then cam' the miller's son,
And saw the fair maid soummin' in.

" O father, father, draw your dam !
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drowned woman.

You couldna see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

You couldna see her lily feet,
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

You couldna see her yellow hair
For the strings o' pearls was twisted there.

You couldna see her fingers sma',
Wi' diamond rings they were cover'd a'.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
That harpit to the king at dine.

And when he looked that lady on,
He sighed and made a heavy moan.

He's made a harp of her breast-bane,
Whose sound would melt a heart of stane.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare.

He went into her father's hall,
And there was the court assembled all.

He laid his harp upon a stane,
And straight it began to sing by lane.

" O yonder sits my father, the king,
And yonder sits my mother, the queen ;

" And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true."

But the last tune that the harp played then—
Binnorie, O Binnorie !—
Was, " Woe to my sister, false Helen ! "—
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Alison Gross

O Alison Gross, that lives in yon tower,
The ugliest witch in the north countrie,
Has trysted me ae day up till her bower,
And mony fair speeches she made to me.

She stroked my head, and she kembed my hair,
And she set me down saftly on her knee ;
Says, " Gin ye will be my leman so true,
Sae mony braw things as I would you gie."

She showed me a mantle o' red scarlet,
Wi' gowden flowers and fringes fine ;
Says, " Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
This goodly gift it shall be thine."

" Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa', and let me be ;
I never will be your leman so true,
And I wish I were out o' your company."

She neist brought a sark o' the saftest silk,
Well wrought wi' pearls about the band ;
Says, " Gin ye will be my ain true love,
This goodly gift ye shall command."

She showed me a cup of the good red gold,
Well set wi' jewels sae fair to see ;
Says, " Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
This goodly gift I will you gie."

" Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa', and let me be ;
For I wouldna once kiss your ugly mouth
For a' the gifts that ye could gie."

She's turned her right and round about,
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn,
And she sware by the moon and the stars aboon
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out she has ta'en a silver wand,
And she's turned her three times round and round ;
She's muttered sic words till my strength it failed
And I fell down senseless upon the ground.

She's turned me into an ugly worm,
And gar'd me toddle about the tree ;
And aye, on ilka Saturday's night,
My sister Maisry came to me,

Wi' silver basin an' silver kemb,
To kemb my headie upon her knee ;
And ere I had kissed yon ugly mouth
I'd rather hae toddled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,
When the seely court was ridin' by,
The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lie.

She took me up in her milk-white hand,
And she's stroked me three times o'er her knee ;
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,
An' I nae mair toddle about the tree.

Earl Mar's Daughter

[This is an example of a favourite traditional ballad theme being grafted on to a familiar historical name.]

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a summer's day,
The noble Earl Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

And as she played and sported
Below the green oak tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo
Set on a branch so hie.

" O Coo-my-doo, my Love so true,
If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'll have a cage of good red gold
Instead of simple tree."

And she had not these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
When Coo-my-doo flew from the branch,
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Home to her bower and hall,
And made him shine as fair a bird
As any of them all.

When day was gone and night was come,
About the evening-tide,
This lady spied a sprightly youth
Stand straight up by her side.

" O who are ye, young man ? " she said,
" What country come ye frae ? "
" I flew across the sea," he said,
" 'Twas but this very day.

" My mother is a queen," he says,
" Likewise of magic skill ;
'Twas she that turned me in a doo,
To fly where'er I will.

" And it was but this very day
That I came o'er the sea :
I loved you at a single look ;
With you I'll live and die."

" O Coo-my-doo, my Love so true,
No more from me ye'll gae."
" That's never my intent, my Love ;
As ye said, it shall be sae."

Thus he has stayed in bower with her
For twenty years and three ;
Till there came a knight of high renown
To court this fair ladye.

But still his proffer she refused,
And all his presents too ;
Says, " I'm content to live alone
With my bird Coo-my-doo."

Her father sware a solemn oath,
Among the nobles all,
" To-morrow, ere I eat or drink,
That bird I'll surely kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage,
And heard what he did say ;
He jumped upon the window-sill :
" 'Tis time I was away."

Then Coo-my-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea,
And lighted on his mother's castle,
On a tower of gold so hie.

The Queen his mother was walking out,
To see what she could see,
And there she saw her darling son
Set on a tower so hie.

" Get dancers here to dance," she said,
" And minstrels for to play ;
For here's my dear son Florentine
Come back with me to stay."

" Instead of dancers to dance, mother,
Or minstrels for to play,
Turn four-and-twenty well-wight men
Like storks in feather grey ;

" My seven sons in seven swans,
Above their heads to flee ;
And I myself a gay goshawk,
A bird of high degree."

This flock of birds took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea ;
They landed near the Earl Mar's castle,
Took shelter in every tree.

These birds flew up from bush and tree,
And lighted on the hall ;
And when the wedding-train came forth
Flew down among them all.

The storks they seized the boldest men,
That they could nor fight nor flee ;
The swans they bound the bridegroom fast
Unto a green oak tree.

They flew around the bride-maidens,
Then on the bride's own head ;
And with the twinkling of an eye,
The bride and they were fled.

2. OF OUTLAWS AND BORDER REIVERS

Kinmont Willie

[This poem is sometimes taken as an exception to the general rule that no one can write an "ancient" ballad, for many critics suspect Sir Walter Scott, from whom we have the only version, of having fabricated the whole thing. If so, he had several advantages over other imitators: a splendid acquaintance with old ballads, a prose record, and an old ballad, *Jock o' the Side*, describing an almost identical incident. There are certainly obvious traces here of touching-up, which is all Scott admitted having done.]

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath his steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him owre the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

" My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And wha will dare this deed avow ?
Or answer by the border law ?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch ? "

" Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver !
There's never a Scot shall set ye free ;
Before ye cross my castle-yett,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

" Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie ;
" By the faith o' my bodie, Lord Scroope," he said,
" I never yet lodged in a hostelrie
But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He gar'd the red wine spring on hie :
" Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
" But avengèd of Lord Scroope I'll be !

" O is my basnet a widow's curch ?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree ?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand
That an English lord should lightly me ?

" And have they ta'en him Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side ?

" And have they ta'en him Kinmont Willie
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear ?

" O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castle high,
Tho' it were builded of marble-stone.

" I would set that castle in a low,
And sloken it with English blood ;
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

" But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be ! "

He has called him forty marchmen bold,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, called
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has called him forty marchmen bold,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch ;
With spur on heel and splent on spauld,
And gloves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a'
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright :
And five and five cam' wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie ;
And five and five like broken men ;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we crossed the 'Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Wha should it be but fause Sakelde ?

" Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen ? "
Quo' fause Sakelde ; " come tell to me ! "
" We go to hunt an English stag
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."

" Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men ? "
Quo' fause Sakelde ; " come tell me true ! "
" We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith with the bauld Buccleuch."

" Where be ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie ? "
" We gang to herry a corbie's nest
That wons not far from Woodhouselee."

" Where be ye gaun, ye broken men ? "
Quo' fause Sakelde ; " come tell to me ! "
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word of lear had he.

" Why trespass ye on the English side ?
Row-footed outlaws, stand ! " quo' he ;
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance thro' his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed ;
The water was great and muckle of spate,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie ;
And there the laird gar'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began fu' loud to blaw ;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa' ;
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel'
To mount the first before us a',

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead :
" Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.

" Now sound out, trumpets ! " quo' Buccleuch ;
" Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie ! "
Then loud the Warden's trumpets blew—
" O wha daur meddle wi' me ? "

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole thro' a sheet of lead,
And so we won to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear :
It was but twenty Scots and ten
That put a thousand in sic a steer !

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers,
We gar'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam' to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam' to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie,
" O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die ? "

" O I sleep saft, and I wake aft ;
It's lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me !
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me."

Then Red Rowan has hent him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale :
" Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

" Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope !
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell ! " he cried ;
I'll pay you for my lodging mail,
When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high with shout and cry
We bore him down the ladder lang ;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns played clang.

" O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
" I have ridden horse baith wild and wud ;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

" And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
" I've pricked a horse out owre the furs ;
But since the day I backed a steed
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs ! "

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot
Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he :
" If ye like na my visit in merrie England,
In fair Scotland come visit me ! "

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane ;
He scarcely dared to trow his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

" He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be ;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

The Lochmaben Harper

O HEARD ye na o' the silly blind harper,
How long he lived in Lochmaben town ?
And how he wad gang to fair England,
To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown ?

But first he gaed to his gude wife,
Wi' a' the haste that he could thole—
" This wark," quo' he, " will ne'er gae weel,
Without a mare that has a foal."

Quo' she, " Thou hast a gude grey mare,
That'll rin o'er hills baith laigh and hie ;
Sae set thee on the grey mare's back,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me."

So he is up to England gane,
And even as fast as he can hie ;
And when he cam' to Carlisle gate,
O whae was there but the King Henrye ?

" Come into my hall, thou silly blind harper,
And of thy harping let me hear ! "
" O by my sooth," quo' the silly blind harper,
" I'd rather hae stabling for my mare."

The king looked ower his left shoulder,
And said unto his stable groom ;
" Gae take the silly blind harper's mare,
And tie her beside my Wanton Brown."

Then aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,
Till a' the lordlings footed the floor ;
They thought the music was sae sweet,
They had nae mind o' the stable door.

And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,
Till a' the nobles were fast asleep ;
Then quietly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hied,
Wi' tread as light as light could be ;
And when he opened and gaed in,
There he fand thirty steeds and three.

He took a colt halter frae his hose,
And o' his purpose he didna fail ;
He slipt it ower the Wanton's nose,
And tied it to his grey mare's tail.

He turned them loose at the castle gate,
Ower muir and moss and ilka dale ;
And she ne'er let the Wanton bait,
But kept him still gaun to her tail.

The mare she was right swift o' foot,
She didna fail to find her way ;
For she was at Lochmaben gate
Fu' lang three hours before the day.

When she came to the harper's door,
There she gave mony a snicker and sneer—
" Rise up," quo' the wife, " thou lazy lass ;
Let in thy master and his mare ! "

Then up she rose, put on her clothes,
And keekit out through the lock-hole—
" O, by my sooth," then cried the lass,
" Our mare has gotten a braw brown foal ! "

" Come haud thy tongue, thou foolish lass !
The moon's but glancing in your e'e.
I'll wad my haill fee against a groat,
He's bigger than e'er our foal will be."

Now all this while in merry Carlisle
The harper harpit to hie and law ;
And the fiend dought they do but listen him to,
Until that the day began to daw.

But on the morn at fair daylight,
When they had ended a' their cheer,
Behold the Wanton Brown was gane,
And eke the poor blind harper's mare !

" Alas ! alas ! " quo' the silly blind harper,
" And ever alas that I cam' here !
In Scotland I've tint a braw colt-foal,
In England they've stown my gude grey mare ! "

" Come ! cease thy alasing, thou silly blind harper,
And again of thy harping let us hear ;
And weel paid sall thy colt-foal be,
And thou sall have a far better mare."

Then aye he harpit, and aye he carpit ;
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear !
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times ower for the gude grey mare.

Robin Hood and the Widow's Three Sons

[Robin Hood, the forest outlaw and prince of good fellows, whose deeds were recounted all over the middle and north of England and even in Scotland, is known to us only through the ballads ; and all attempts to give him a historical foundation have failed, as also have the efforts to identify him with the ancient gods of the Saxons. There are some forty ballads extant dealing with his adventures. In the earlier and more authentic he is a chivalrous personage, outlawed for some unknown reason, and preying only upon the oppressors of the poor.

In the later he is sometimes degraded very near to the level of a buffoon, who often meets more than his match and sometimes comes by a good thrashing. The earliest mention of him in literature is a remark in *Piers Plowman*, 1377.]

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's my three sons in Nottingham town
To-day condemned to die."

"O what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day."

" Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine ;
Here is ten shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

" O thine apparel is good," he said,
" And mine is ragged and torn ;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn."

" Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine ;
Here is a piece of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patched black, blue, and red ;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patched from middle to side :
" By the truth of my body," bold Robin gan say,
" This man loved little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist :
" By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
" I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon ;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
" It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

" Save you, save you, sheriff ! " he said ;
" Now heaven you save and see !
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be ? "

" Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
" Some suits I'll give to thee ;
Some suits, some suits and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone :
" By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
" That's well jumped, thou nimble old man."

" I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade ;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
" That first a hangman was made !

" I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn ;
A bag for bread and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

" I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

" O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow !
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill ;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

" O who are those," the sheriff he said,
" Come tripping over the lee ? "
" They're my attendants," brave Robin did say ;
" They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

Johnie Armstrong

[The Armstrongs were a powerful Border clan, nominally Scots, but in practice almost as little subject to the kings of Scotland as to the crown of England. In 1530 James V., having levied a small army for that express purpose, descended upon them and hanged several out of hand. The means by which he caught his hares before cooking them is as questionable as the ballad makes out.]

Some speaks of lords, some speaks of lairds,
And sic like men of high degree ;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Sometime called laird of Gilnockie.

The king he writes a loving letter
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene ;
They were a gallant companie—
" We'll ride and meet our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

" Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie ;
We'll welcome here our royal king ;
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie ! "

They ran their horses on the Langholm howm,
And brak' their spears wi' mickle main ;
The ladies lookit frae their loft windows—
" God bring our men weel back again."

When Johnie cam' before the king,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The king he movit his bonnet to him ;
He weened he was a king as well as he.

" May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me ?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my liege," said he.

" Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

" Grant me my life, my liege, my king !
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee—
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,
Were a' foaled in ae year to me.

" I'll gie thee a' these milk-white steeds,
That prance and nicker at a spear ;
And as mickle gude English gowd,
As four o' their broad backs dow bear."

" Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee ! "

" Grant me my life, my liege, my king !
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee—
Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
That gang through a' the year to me.

" These four-and-twenty mills complete
Sall gang for thee through a' the year ;
And as mickle of gude red wheat,
As a' their happers dow to bear."

" Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

" Grant me my life, my liege, my king !
And a great gift I'll gie to thee—
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters' sons,
Sall for thee fecht, though a' should flee ! "

" Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

" Grant me my life, my liege, my king !
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee—
All between here and Newcastle town
Sall pay their yearly rent to thee."

" Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

" Ye lied, ye lied, now, king," he says,
" Although a king and prince ye be !
For I've loved naething a' my life,
I weel dare say it, but honesty—

" Save a fast horse and a fair woman,
Twa bonny dogs to kill a deer ;
But England suld have found me meal and malt,
Gif I had lived this hundred year !

" She suld have found me meal and malt,
And beef and mutton in a' plentie ;
But never a Scot's wife could have said,
That e'er I scathed her a puir flee.

" To seek het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great follie—
I have asked grace of a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me !

" But had I kenned ere I cam' frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me !
I wad have keepit the border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee.

" Wist England's king that I was ta'en,
O gin a blithe man he wad be !
For ance I slew his sister's son,
And on his breast bane brak' a tree."

John wore a girdle about his middle,
Embroidered ower wi' burning gold,
Bespangled wi' the same metal ;
Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hung nine targats at Johnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
" What wants that knave that a king suld have,
But the sword of honour and the crown ?

" O where gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae bonny abune thy brie ? "
" I gat them in the field fechting,
Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.

" Had I my horse and harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It suld have been told this hundred year,
The meeting of my king and me !

" God be with thee, Kirsty, my brother !
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun !
Lang may'st thou live on the border side,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down !

" And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee !
But and thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

" Farewell, my bonny Gilnock hall,
Where on Esk side thou standest stout !
Gif I had lived but seven year mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about."

John murdered was at Carlanrigg,
And all his gallant companie ;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die—

Because they saved their country dear
Frae Englishmen ! Nane were sae bauld
While Johnie lived on the border side,
Nane of them durst come near his hauld.

3. OF BATTLES LONG AGO

Chevy Chase

[This ballad is usually supposed to be an English counterpart of the Scottish *Battle of Otterbourne*, which follows it here. If so, it is certainly far less accurate, and distorts the facts almost out of recognition. But the two great Border families of Percy and Douglas came into collision on more than a few occasions, and it is possible that *Chevy Chase* contains incidents properly belonging to some other event. "Chevy" may be a corruption of "Cheviot," though the whole title has been explained as a corruption of an old French word, *chevauchée*—a raid.]

I

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deere :
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare ;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine ;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deere againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all with special care
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deere :
Quoth he, " Erle Douglas promisèd
This day to meet me here,

" But if I thought he wold not come,
No longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say :

" Lo, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our sight ;

" All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede : "
" O, cease your sports," Erle Percy said,
" And take your bowes with speede ;

" And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance,
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

" That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
And with him break a speare."

II

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

" Show me," said he, " whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he ;
Who sayd, " We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be,

" Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

" Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an erle thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I.

" But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

" Let thou and I the battle trye,
And set our men aside."
" Accurst be he," Erle Percy said,
" By whom this is denied."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, " I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

" That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
Ye be two erles," said Witherington,
" And I a squier alone :

" Ile do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand."

III

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew,
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good.
As valiant captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground,

And, throwing strait their bowes away,
They grasped their swords so bright,
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there !

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might :
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat
With swords of tempered steele ;
Until the blood like drops of rain
They trickling down did feele.

" Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said ;
" In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king :

" Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see."

" No, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
" Thy proffer I do scorne ;
I will not yield to any Scot,
That ever yet was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spake more words than these,
" Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, " Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land !

" O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight.

And past the English archers all,
Without or dread or feare,
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful speare.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both those nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine!
An English archer then perceived
The noble Erle was slaine:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he;

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon
In his heart's bloode was wet.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

IV

With stout Erle Percy there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold barón ;

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foote would never flee ;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's sonne was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved he could not be ;

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye :
Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three :
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle ;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle ;

Their bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bore with them away ;
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

v

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine :

" O heavy newes," King James did say,
" Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as he."

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace :

" Now God be with him," said our king,
" Sith it will no better be ;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as he :

" Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take :
Ile be revengèd on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledowne ;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne,

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye.
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Percye.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease !

The Battle of Otterbourne

[The battle of Otterburn occurred in 1388. The account here given agrees well with that of Froissart, save that Douglas was not buried in England, but in Melrose Abbey. A comparison with the foregoing ballad, *Chevy Chase*, illustrates well the manner in which the ballads gathered apocryphal details.]

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay ;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burned the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire ;
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about ;
" O wha's the lord o' this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't ? "

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie !
" I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

" If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me !
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane of us shall die."

He took a long spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady looked
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

" Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell ;
But your sword shall gae wi' me."

" But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three ;
And, if I come not at three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

" The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn ;
'Tis pleasant there to be ;
But there is nought at Otterbourne
To feed my men and me.

" The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree ;
But there is neither bread nor kale
To fend my men and me.

" Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be ;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

" Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
" By the might of Our Ladye ! "—
" There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
" My trowth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown ;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy
Sent out his horse to grass ;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
" O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand."

" Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud !
Sae loud I hear ye lie :
For Percy had not man yestreen,
To dight my men and me.

" But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky ;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his good braid sword,
And to the field he ran ;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain !
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called to his little foot-page,
And said, " Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

" My nephew good," the Douglas said,
" What recks the death of ane !
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

" My wound is deep ; I fain would sleep ;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

" O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e ;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But many a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon ;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain ;
They swappèd swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blude ran down between.

" Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy ! " he said,
" Or else I vow I'll lay thee low ! "
" Whom to shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
" Now that I see it must be so ? "

" Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me ;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee ! "

" I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a briar ;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde ;
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day ;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

The Battle of Harlaw

[The immediate point at issue in this battle, which occurred in 1411, was the succession to the earldom of Ross. Donald, Lord of the Isles, while marching with ten thousand clansmen on Aberdeen in support of his claim, was met at Harlaw by the chivalry of the north-eastern counties under the Earl of Mar, and completely defeated after a stubborn fight. A wider significance for the combat is found in its being a decisive victory of Lowland over Highland.]

As I cam' in by Dunidier,
And down by Wetherha',
There were fifty thousand Hielan'men
A-marching to Harlaw.

As I cam' on and farther on,
And down and by Balquhain,
O there I met Sir James the Rose,
Wi' him Sir John the Graeme.

" O cam' ye frae the Hielan's, man ?
And cam' ye a' the way ?
Saw ye Macdonell and his men
Come marchin' frae the Skye ? "

" Yes, she cam' frae ta Hielan's, man,
And she cam' a' ta way,
And she saw Macdonell and his men
Come marchin' frae ta Skye."

" O were ye near, and near enough ?
Did ye their numbers see ?
Come, tell to me, John Hielan'man,
What might their numbers be ? "

" Yes, she was near, and near enough,
And she their numbers saw ;
There were fifty thousand Hielan'men
A-marchin' for Harlaw."

" Gin that be true," quo' James the Rose,
" We'll no come meikle speed ;
So we'd better cry in our merrymen,
And turn our horses' heads."

" O no, O no ! " quo' John the Graeme,
" That thing maun never be ;
The gallant Graemes were never beat,
We'll try what we can dee."

As I cam' on, and farther on,
And down and by Harlaw,
They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw ;
For Hielan' swords gaed clash for clash,
At the battle o' Harlaw !

The Hielan'men wi' their lang swords,
They laid on us fu' sair ;
And they drave back our merrymen
Three acres breadth or mair.

Brave Forbes did to his brother say,
" Now, brither, dinna ye see,
They beat us back on ilka side,
And we'll be forced to flee ! "

" O no, O no, my brither dear,
That thing maun never be ;
Tak' you your good sword in your hand,
And come your ways wi' me."

" O no, O no, my brither dear,
The clans they are ower strang ;
And they drive back our merrymen
Wi' swords baith sharp and lang."

Brave Forbës to his men did say,
" Now tak' your rest awhile ;
Until I to Drumminnor send
To fetch my coat of mail."

Brave Forbës' servant then did ride,
And his horse it didna fail ;
For in twa hours and a quarter
He brought the coat of mail.

Then back to back the brithers twa
Gaed in amang the thrang ;
And they hewed down the Hielan'men,
Wi' swords baith sharp and lang.

Macdonell he was young and stout,
Had on his coat o' mail,
And he has gane out through them a'
To try his hand himsel'.

The first ae stroke that Forbës struck
Made the great Macdonell reel ;
The second stroke that Forbës struck,
The great Macdonell fell.

And siccan a pilleurichie,
The like ye never saw,
As was amang the Hielan'men,
When they saw Macdonell fa'.

And when they saw that he was dead,
They turned and ran awa' ;
And they buried him in Seggat's Lan',
Some twa three miles awa'.

They rode, they ran, and some did gang,
But they were o' sma' record ;
For Forbës and his merrymen
Slew maist a' by the road.

On Monenday at morning
The battle it began ;
On Saturday at gloamin'
Ye'd scarce kent wha had wan.

And sic a weary burying,
The like ye never saw,
As there was the Sunday after that
On the muirs down by Harlaw.

And gin Hielan' lasses speer at you
For them that gaed awa',
Ye may tell them plain and plain enough,
They're sleeping at Harlaw.

Mary Ambree

[This ballad and the next refer to the Netherlands campaigns of Elizabeth's reign, when many English volunteers went to the help of the Dutch against the common enemy, the Spaniard.]

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When the brave sergeant-major was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vow'd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to show ;
A faire shirt of mail then slippèd on she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

A helmet of proofe she strait did provide,
A stronge arminge-sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then tooke she her sworde and her target in hand,
Bidding all such as wold they might be of her band ;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

" My soldiers," she saith, " soe valiant and bold,
Nowe follow your captaine, whom you doe beholde ;
Still foremost in battell myself will I be ; "
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
" Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,
Noe maiden was ever like Mary Ambree."

She chearèd her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She led up her souldiers in battaile array,
Gainst three times their number by breake of the daye ;
Seven howers in skirmish continuèd she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She fillèd the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bulletts so hott ;
For one of her own men a score killèd she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre ;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they beset her on everye side,
As thinking close siege she co'ld never abide :
To beat down the walles they all did decree ;
But stoutelye defyed them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three ;
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree !

" Ye captaines courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you doe behold ? "
" A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortlye with us a prisoner must bee."

" No captaine of England ; behold in your sight
A woman, my masters, and therefore no knight :
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple mayden called Mary Ambree."

" But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in warre ?
If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree."

Then to her owne country she back did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne ;
Therefore, English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

The Brave Lord Willoughby

THE fifteenth of July,
With glistening spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field;
The most courageous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battle
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Morris,
A valiant man was he;
The other, Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men—
Alas, there were no more—
They fought with fourteen thousand men
Upon the bloody shore.

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about!
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out!
You musquet and caliver men,
Do you prove true to me;
I'll be the foremost man in fight!"
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail;
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail.
The wounded men on both sides fell,
Most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours, to all men's view,
The fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more.
And then upon their dead horses
Full savoury they ate,
And drank the puddle-water—
They could not better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneelèd on the ground,
And praisèd God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning towards the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
And bullets thick did fly ;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously ;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee ;
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight ;
Our men pursued courageously
And caught their forces quite.
But at the last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky ;
" God and Saint George for England ! "
The conquerors did cry.

The news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory.

" O this is brave Lord Willoughby,
My love that ever won ;
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done."

To the soldiers that were maimèd
And wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
Of fifteenpence a day :
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free ;
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then, courage ! noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed ;
If that we be but one to ten
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our nation free ;
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

4. OF SHIPS AND THE SEA

The Spanish Armado

Some years of late, in eighty-eight,
As I do well remember,
It was, some say, the middle of May,
And some say in September,
And some say in September.

The Spanish train launched forth amain,
With many a fine bravado,
Their (as they thought, but it proved not)
Invincible Armado,
Invincible Armado.

There was a man that dwelt in Spain,
Who shot well with a gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
As the Knight of the Sun a
As the Knight of the Sun a.

King Philip made him Admiral,
And bade him not to stay a,
But to destroy both man and boy
And so to come away a,
And so to come away a.

Their navy was well-victuallèd
With bisket, pease and bacon,
They brought two ships, well fraught with whips,
But I think they were mistaken,
But I think they were mistaken.

Their men were young, munition strong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet to join their fleet
All with the Prince of Parma,
All with the Prince of Parma.

They coasted round about our land,
And so came in by Dover :
But we had men set on 'em then,
And threw the rascals over,
And threw the rascals over.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
What could we more desire a ?
Sir Francis Drake for her sweet sake
Did set them all on fire a,
Did set them all on fire a.

Then straight they fled by sea and land,
That one man killed threescore a,
And had not they all run away,
In truth he had killed more a,
In truth he had killed more a.

Then let them neither bray nor boast,
But if they come again a,
Let them take heed they do not speed
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a.

The " Golden Vanity "

[Or, " The Low-lands low." In one version the cabin-boy threatens to sink his own ship, and in this way forces the captain to take him up. In the broadside version among the Pepys Ballads, 1682–1685, the captain is Sir Walter Raleigh.]

A SHIP have I got in the North Countrie,
And she goes by the name of the " Golden Vanitie " ;
O, I fear she will be taken by a Spanish Galalie,
As she sails by the Low-lands low.

To the captain then up spake the little cabin-boy,
He said, " What is my fee if the galley I destroy ?
The Spanish Galalie, if no more it shall annoy,
As you sail by the Low-lands low ? "

" Of silver and of gold I will give to you a store,
And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on the shore,
Of treasure and of fee as well I'll give to thee galore,
As we sail by the Low-lands low."

Then the boy bared his breast, and straightway leapèd in,
And he held in his hand an auger sharp and thin,
And he swam until he came to the Spanish galleon,
As she lay by the Low-lands low.

He bored with the auger, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice ;
When the water it flowed in, it dazzled their eyes,
And she sank by the Low-lands low.

So the cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
Saying, " Captain, take me in, I am drifting with the tide ! "
" I will shoot you ! I will kill you," the cruel captain cried,
" You may sink by the Low-lands low."

Then the cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side,
Saying, " Messmates, take me in, I am drifting with the tide ! "
Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
As they sailed by the Low-lands low.

They sewed his body up, all in an old cow's hide,
And they cast the gallant cabin-boy over the ship's side,
And left him without more ado a-drifting with the tide,
And to sink by the Low-lands low.

The Mermaid

[A ballad which is still sung. The words as given here are obviously modern, but there must have been a very much older form. A mermaid, duly equipped with comb and glass, appears and gives warning of disaster in one version of *Sir Patrick Spens*.]

It was Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the captain he spied a pretty mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

O the ocean wave may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we jolly sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he,
" I have married me a wife in Salem town,
And to-night she a widow will be," *etc.*

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cook was he,
" I care much more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the bottom of the sea," *etc.*

Then up spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken laddie was he,
" I've a father and mother in Boston city,
But to-night they childless will be," *etc.*

" O the moon shines bright and the stars give light ;
O my mammy she'll be looking for me ;
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea," *etc.*

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea, *etc.*

The Lowlands of Holland

My love he's built a bonnie ship, and set her on the sea,
With seven score guid mariners to bear her company ;
There's three score is sunk, and three score dead at sea ;
And the Lowlands of Holland hae twined my love and me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began
to rout ;
My love then, and his bonnie ship, turned withershins
about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor kame
come in my hair ;
There shall neither coal nor candle-licht come in my
bouir mair ;
Nor will I love another man until the day I dee,
For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drowned in
the sea.

O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and be
content ;
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need na sair lament.
O ! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me ;
For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drowned in
the sea.

Sir Patrick Spens

[There is some doubt whether this, one of the finest ballads we have, is historical or not ; but that it is a late imitation, as some have suggested, is unthinkable. It was first published among Percy's *Reliques*, 1765. In 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., was married to Eric of Norway, and many of the courtiers who escorted her to Norway were drowned on the return voyage. The ballad may very well refer to this event.]

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
" O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine ? "

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee ;
" Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

" To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The king's daughter o' Noroway
'Tis thou maun bring her hame ! "

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laughed he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e.

" O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' year,
To sail upon the sea ?

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may ;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say :

" Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee."
" Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

" For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

" Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
" Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

" I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm:
And the waves cam' o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

" O whare will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?"

" O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam' in.

" Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon ;
But lang or a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That fluttered on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam' hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathoms deep ;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet !

Captain Ward and the Rainbow

[Captain Ward is historical enough, and flourished about the first decade of the seventeenth century, but although there was then a king's ship called the *Rainbow*, he never fought her. There is a good deal of literature about Ward, who began life as a fisherman, and ended it as a Turk.]

STRIKE up, you lusty gallants, with musick and sound of drum,
For we have descryed a rover, upon the sea is come;
His name is Captain Ward, right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a rover found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto our king, the sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in, with all his company:
"And if your king will let me come till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransome full thirty tun of gold."

"O nay! O nay!" then said our king, "O nay! this may not be,
To yield to such a rover my self will not agree;
He hath deceived the French-man, likewise the King of Spain,
And how can he be true to me that hath been false to twain?"

With that our king provided a ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow she is callèd, if you would know her name;
Now the gallant Rainbow she rowes upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant seamen to bear her company.

The Dutchman and the Spaniard she made them for to flee,
Also the bonny Frenchman, as she met him on the sea:

When as this gallant Rainbow did come where Ward did lye,
" Where is the captain of this ship ? " this gallant Rainbow did cry.

" O that am I," says Captain Ward, " there's no man bids me lye,
And if thou art the king's fair ship, thou'rt welcome unto me : "
" I'le tell thee what," says Rainbow, " our king is in great grief
That thou shouldst lye upon the sea and play the arrant thief,

" And will not let our merchants' ships pass as they did before ;
Such tydings to our king is come, which grieves his heart full sore,"
With that this gallant Rainbow she shot, out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces, chargèd on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters prevailèd not a pin,
Though they were brass on the outside, brave Ward was steel within,
" Shoot on, shoot on," says Captain Ward, " your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over shall yield unto the sea.

" I never wronged an English ship, but Turk and King of Spain,
For and the jovial Dutchman as I met him on the main.
If I had known your king but one two years before,
I would have saved brave Essex' life, whose death did grieve me sore.

" Go tell the King of England, go tell him thus from me,
If he reign king of all the land I will reign king at sea."
With that the gallant Rainbow shot, and shot and shot in vain,
And left the rover's company, and returned home again.

5. OF OLD, UNHAPPY, FAR-OFF THINGS

Willy drowned in Yarrow

WILLY'S rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonny ;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

" Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll make it narrow,
For a' the live-long winter's night
I lie twined of my marrow.

" O came you by yon water-side ?
Pu'd you the rose or lilly ?
Or came you by yon meadow green ?
Or saw you my sweet Willy ? "

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow ;
Syne, in the cleaving o' a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

Two Rivers

TWEED said to Till,
" What gars ye rin sae still ? "
Till said tae Tweed,
" Though ye rin wi' speed,
An' I rin slaw—
Where ye droon ae man
I droon twa."

Annan Water

ANNAN water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;
And I am laith she suld weet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonny black;
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready:
For I will down the Gatehope-slack,
And all to see my bonny ladye."

He has loupen on the bonny black,
He stirred him wi' the spur right sairly;
But or he won the Gatehope-slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupen on the bonny grey,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonny ladye.

O he has ridden ower field and fell,
Through muir and moss, and mony a mire:
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her four feet flew the fire.

"Now, bonny grey, now play your part!
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,
Wi' corn and hay ye'll be fed for aye,
And never spur sall make you wearie."

The grey was a mare, and a right good mare;
But when she won the Annan water,

She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

" O boatman, boatman, put off your boat !
Put off your boat for gowden money !
I cross the drumly stream the night,
Or never mair I see my honey."

" O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
And not by ae aith, but by many ;
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,
I dare na take ye through to Annie."

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring ;
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water kelpy roaring.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail ;
I wot he swam both strong and steady ;
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny ladye.

" O wae betide the frush saugh wand !
And wae betide the bush of briar !
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

" And wae betide ye, Annan water,
This night that ye are a drumlie river !
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever."

The Dowie Houms of Yarrow

[There are many versions of this beautiful ballad, which was first published in Scott's *Minstrelsy*. Though Scott connected it with an incident of the seventeenth century, the story is not an uncommon one, and, since it occurs in other languages, is probably ancient.]

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
Or early in a mornin',
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawnin'.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow."

"O fare ye weel, my lady gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She belted on his noble brand,
An' he's awa' to Yarrow.

O he's gane up yon high, high hill—
I wat he gaed wi' sorrow—
And in a den spied nine armed men,
I' the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

"O are ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae done before, O?
Or are ye come to wield the brand,
On the bonnie banks o' Yarrow?"

" I am no come to drink the wine,
As I hae done before, O,
But I am come to wield the brand,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow."

Four he hurt, and five he slew,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

" Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her noble lord,
Who's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."

" Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream ;
I kenned there wad be sorrow ;
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She gaed up yon high, high hill—
I wat she gaed wi' sorrow—
And in a den spied nine dead men,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she did before, O ;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

" O haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
For what needs a' this sorrow ?
I'll wed you on a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow."

" O haud your tongue, my father dear
An' dinna grieve your Sarah ;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow."

Helen of Kirkconnell

[A full account of the supposed circumstances in which the incidents here related took place is given in Scott's *Minstrelsy*. As it adds little to our appreciation of the ballad it has been omitted here.]

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak' nae mair!
There she did swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell Lee.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell Lee,

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll mak' a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

The Douglas Tragedy

[Although, like *The Dowie Houms of Yarrow*, this story has been definitely localized in Scotland—on the Douglas burn in Selkirkshire—it appears in many parts of Europe.]

" Rise up, rise up now, Lord Douglas," she says,
" And put on your armour so bright ;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

" Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William looked o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brothers bold,
And your father I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William," she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple-grey,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up and let me in!—
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair ladye I've win.

"O mak' my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak' it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's Kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near ;
And a' the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough !
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
An' flangt in St. Mary's Loch.

Barbara Allen

[This fine ballad, which pleased the ear of Pepys in 1666, is still very popular as a song, and many versions exist. It was first published in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.]

In Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry *Well-a-way* !
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin'
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwellin' ;
" O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

" For death is printed in his face,
And sorrow's in him dwellin',
And you must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

" If death is printed in his face,
And sorrow's in him dwellin',
Then little better shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by—
" Young man, I think you're dyin'."

" O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
And it's all for Barbara Allen : "
" O the better for me ye'll never be,
Though your heart's blood were a spillin' ! "

" O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
" When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen ? "

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin' :
" Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allen."

And slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knellin' ;
And every jow the dead-bell gave
Cried, " Woe to Barbara Allen ! "

" O mother, mother, make my bed !
O make it soft and narrow !
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

" Farewell," she said, " ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in :
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

The Three Ravens

[This ballad and the one which follows it are interesting in two ways apart from their individual merits. In the first place they are a good example of how a ballad can vary and still be the same. In the second place they form no bad example of the difference between the national folk-poetry of England and that of Scotland.]

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a downe—
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
" Where shall we our breakfast take ? "

" Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slaine under his shield.

" His hounds they lie down at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

" His haukes they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare come him nie."

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yonge as she might goe.

She lift up his bloudy head,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a lemàn !

The Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane ;
The tane unto the t'other say,
" Where sall we gang and dine to-day ? "

" In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

" His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak' our dinner sweet.

" Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en ;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

" Mony a ane for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane ;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

The Lyke-wake Dirge

[*Lyke* is from O.E. *lic*, a corpse, *cf. lych-gate*. According to an ancient manuscript, a pair of new shoes given to a poor man during this life will be returned by him in the after-world, thus saving the feet of the generous giver from the thorns. Other charities were apparently to meet a similar reward.]

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet * and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gave nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

* Meaning doubtful. Some read "sleet" or "salt."

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat and drink thou never gavest nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte;
And Christe receive thy saule.

6. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

The Jew of Venice

[It is interesting to compare this ballad with Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. The resemblance is too close to be accidental, although it does not follow that one was founded on the other; they may have had a common source, for the story is an old one.]

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which livèd all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressèd in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
"No" (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes)
"Sir, aske what you will have.

"No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

"But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talkèd long;

You shall make me a bond," quoth he,
" That shall be large and strong :

" And this shall be the forfeiture ;
Of your owne flesh a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes."

" With right good will ! " the marchant says :
And so the bond was made,
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be paid.

The marchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in ;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin :

And to Gernutus strait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, " Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

" My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay :
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say."

" With all my heart," Gernutus sayd,
" Commaund it to your minde :
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde."

He goes his way ; the day once past
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently ;
And clapt him on the backe :

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall ;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchant's friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernutus sayd, "I will no gold;
My forfeite I will have.

"A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire."
Then sayd the judge, "Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire

"To take the fleshe from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give."

"No: no:" quoth he; "no: judgement here:
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side."

It grievèd all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe coulde helpe
But he must spoylèd bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow:

" Stay " (quoth the judge) " thy crueltie ;
I charge thee to do so.

" Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound :
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

" For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here shalt hangèd be :
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than 'longes to thee :

" For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hangèd presently,
As is both law and right."

Gernutus now waxed frantic mad,
And wotes not what to say ;
Quoth he at last, " Ten thousand crownes,
I will that he shall pay ;

" And so I graunt to set him free."
The judge doth answere make ;
" You shall not have a penny given ;
Your forfeyture now take."

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
" No," quoth the judge, " doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

" Either take your pound of flesh," quoth he,
" Or cancell me your bond."
" O cruell judge," then quoth the Jew,
" That doth against me stand ! "

And so with griping grievèd mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
Then all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

Brown Adam

O WHA wad wish the wind to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa' therewith ?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
Than Brown Adam the Smith ?

His hammer's o' the beaten gold,
His study's o' the steel,
His fingers white are my delight,
He blows his bellows weel.

But they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother ;
And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banished Brown Adam
Frae the flower o' a' his kin ;
And he's bigged a bower i' the gude greenwood
Between his lady and him.

O it fell once upon a day,
Brown Adam he thought lang ;
And he would to the greenwood gang,
To hunt some venison.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His brand intill his han',
And he is to the good greenwood
As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down
The bird upon the briar ;
And he sent it hame to his lady,
Bade her be of gude cheer.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down
The bird upon the thorn ;
And sent it hame to his lady,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he came to his lady's bower door,
He stood a little forbye,
And there he heard a fu' fause knight
Tempting his gay lady.

For he's ta'en out a gay gowd ring,
Had cost him many a poun',
" O grant me love for love, lady,
And this sall be thy own."

" I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says ;
I wot sae does he me ;
And I wadna gie Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."

Out he has ta'en a purse o' gowd,
Was a' fu' to the string,
" O grant me but love for love, lady,
And a' this sall be thine."

" I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says ;
" I wot sae does he me :
I wadna lose Brown Adam's love
For mair nor ye could gie."

Then out he has drawn his lang, lang bran',
And he's flashed it in her een ;
" Now grant me love for love, lady,
Or through ye this shall gang ! "

Oh, sighing, said that gay lady,
" Brown Adam tarries lang ! "
Then up it starts Brown Adam,
Says, " I'm just at your hand."

He's gar'd him leave his bow, his bow,
He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a better pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

[Islington in Norfolk is supposed to be the place meant.—PERCY.]

THERE was a youth, and a well-belovèd youth,
And he was a squire's son :
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so ;
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pullèd off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind sir," she said,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

" If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ;
For I will unto some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

" O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth !
She standeth by thy side ;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

" O farewell grief and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore !
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

Hynd Horn

[This ballad, of which there are several versions, appears to be founded on an ancient metrical romance, *King Horn*, or *Horn et Rymenhild*, which is still preserved in manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.]

HYND HORN'S bound, love, and Hynd Horn's free,
With a hey lillelu, and a how lo lan ;
Where was ye born, or in what countrie ?
And the birk and the broom blows bonnie.

In good greenwood, there I was born,
And all my forbears me beforn.

" O seven long years I served the King,
And as for wages I never gat nane ;

" But ae sight o' his ae daughter.
And that was through an auger-bore."

Seven long years he served the King,
And it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean.

The King an angry man was he ;
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea.

He's gi'en his love a silver wand
Wi' seven silver laverocks sittin' thereon.

She's gi'en to him a gay gold ring
Wi' seven bright diamonds set therein.

" As lang's these diamonds keep their hue,
Ye'll know I am a lover true :

" But when the ring turns pale and wan,
Ye may ken that I love anither man."

He hoist up sails and awa' sailed he
Till that he came to a foreign countrie.

One day as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

He's left the seas and he's come to the land,
And the first that he met was an auld beggar man.

" What news, what news ? thou auld beggar man,
For it's seven years sin I've seen land."

" No news," said the beggar, " no news at a',
But there is a wedding in the King's ha'.

" But there is a wedding in the King's ha',
That has halden these forty days and twa."

" Cast off, cast off thy auld beggar weed,
And I'll gi'e thee my gude grey steed :

" And lend to me your wig o' hair
To cover mine, because it is fair."

" My begging weed is na for thee,
Your riding steed is na for me."

But part by right and part by wrang
Hynd Horn has changed wi' the beggar man.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride.

When he came to the King's gate,
He sought a drink for Hynd Horn's sake.

The bride came trippin' down the stair,
Wi' the scales o' red gowd in her hair ;

Wi' a cup o' the red wine in her hand,
And that she gae to the auld beggar man.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropt the ring.

" O got ye this by sea or land ?
Or got ye it of a dead man's hand ? "

" I got it na by sea nor land,
But I got it, madam, of your own hand."

" O I'll cast off my gowns o' brown,
And beg with you frae town to town.

" O I'll cast off my gowns o' red,
And I'll beg wi' you to win my bread.

" O I'll take the scales o' gowd frae my hair,
And I'll follow you for evermair."

She has cast awa' the brown and the red,
And she's followed him to beg her bread.

She has ta'en the scales o' gowd frae her hair
And she's followed him for evermair.

But atween the kitchen and the ha'
He has let his cloutie cloak down fa'.

And the red gowd shinèd over him a',
With a hey lillelu, and a how lo lan ;
And the bride frae the bridegroom was stown awa'
And the birk and the broom blows bonnie.

Katharine Janfarie

[This is the original of Scott's *Lochinvar*, which see.]

THERE was a may, and a weel-far'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen ;
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up there came Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lowland Border,
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin,
But he whispered the bonnie lassie hersell,
And has her favour won.

But out there came Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonny may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin ;
But he told na the bonny may hersell,
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see,
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answered he suld be.

And he has sent a messenger
Right quickly through the land,
And raisèd mony an armèd man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beneath baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffèd him, and scornèd him,
Upon her wedding-day ;
And said it was the Fairy Court
To see him in array !

" O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play ?
Or come ye here to drink good wine,
Upon the wedding-day ? "

" I come na here to fight," he said,
" I come na here to play,
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonnie bride,
And mount, and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen he spiered nae leave.

" Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar !
Now take her if ye may !
But if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in Johnstone grey ;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a' ;
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bade them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae,
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride,
" O wae's me for foul play."

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing !
Wae to your wilfu' will !
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's bluid ye have garred to spill.

Now a' the lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English Border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll track ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding-day ;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul, foul play.

The Gay Goss-Hawk

[There is a French ballad with the same central idea.]

" O WELL is me, my gay goshawk,
That you can speak and flee ;
For you can carry a love-letter
To my true Love from me."

" O how can I carry a letter to her ?
Or how should I her know ?
I bear a tongue ne'er with her spake,
And eyes that ne'er her saw."

" O well shall ye my true Love ken
So soon as ye her see :
For of all the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

" And when she goes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin ;
And sit you there and sing our loves
As she goes out and in."

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion grey :
And he's awa' to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And first he sang a low, low note,
And then he sang a clear ;
And aye the o'erword of the sang
Was, " Your love can no win here."

" Feast on, feast on, my maidens all,
The wine flows you amang ;
While I gang to my shot-window
And hear yon bonnie bird's sang."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And then he sang a grave :
And then he pecked his feathers grey ;
To her the letter gave.

" Have here a letter from Lord William :
He says he sent ye three ;
He cannot wait your love longer,
But for your sake he'll die."

" I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands of my hair ;
I send him the heart that's in my breast ;
What would my love have mair ?
And at Mary's kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him wait for me there."

She hied her to her father dear
As fast as go could she :
" An asking, an asking, my father dear
An asking grant you me !
That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland bury me.

" At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the mass be sung ;

" And when you come to St. Mary's kirk
Ye'll tarry there till night."
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

The Lady's gone to her chamber
As fast as she could fare ;
And she has drunk a sleepy draught
That she had mixed with care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
And pale and cold was she :
She seemed to be as surely dead
As any corpse could be.

Then spake her cruel stepminnie,
" Take ye the burning lead,
And drop a drop in her bosom,
To try if she be dead."

They dropped the hot lead on her cheek,
They dropped it on her chin,
They dropped it on her bosom white ;
But she spake none again.

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hewed to her a bier ;
They hewed it from the solid oak ;
Laid it o'er with silver clear.

The first Scots kirk that they came to
They gart the bells be rung ;
The next Scots kirk that they came to
They gart the mass be sung.

But when they came to St. Mary's kirk,
There stood spearmen in a row ;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftain among them a'.

He rent the sheet upon her face
A little above her chin :
With rosy cheek and ruby lip
She looked and laughed to him.

" A morsel of your bread, my lord !
And one glass of your wine !
For I have fasted these three long days
All for your sake and mine ! "

Young John

A FAIR maid sat in her bower-door,
Wringing her lily hands,
And by it came a sprightly youth,
Fast tripping o'er the strands.

"Where gang ye, young John," she says,
"Sae early in the day?
It gars me think, by your fast trip,
Your journey's far away."

He turned about wi' surly look,
And said, "What's that to thee?
I'm gaen to see a lovely maid,
Mair fairer far than ye."

"Now hae ye played me this, fause love,
In simmer, 'mid the flowers?
I shall repay ye back again,
In winter, 'mid the showers.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye not turn again?
For as ye look to other women,
Sall I to other men."

"Go make your choice of whom you please,
For I my choice will have;
I've chosen a maid more fair than thee,
I never will deceive."

She's kilted up her claithing fine,
And after him gaed she;
But aye he said, "Ye'll turn again,
Nae farther gang wi' me."

" But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye ne'er love me again ?
Alas, for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again ! "

The firstan town that they came till,
He bought her brooch and ring ;
And aye he bade her turn again,
And nae farther gang wi' him.

" But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye ne'er love me again ?
Alas, for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again ! "

The nextan town that they came till,
He bought her muff and gloves ;
But aye he bade her turn again,
And choose some other loves.

" But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye ne'er love me again ?
Alas, for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again ! "

The nextan town that they came till,
His heart it grew mair fain,
And he was as deep in love wi' her
As she was ower again.

The nextan town that they came till,
He bought her wedding gown,
And made her lady of ha's and bowers,
Into sweet Berwick town.

7. OF HOLY WRIT

[Apart from their considerable intrinsic worth, the ballads in this section present a fine opportunity for studying the ballad-methods at first hand. Note in the two first such points as the miracle of the crowing cock, the miraculous harvest, and the adoration by the beasts of the field. *Jephthah's Daughter* sticks much closer to the Bible narrative.]

The Carnal and the Crane

[The crane, being better informed than the crow, instructs him on several matters concerning the early life of Jesus.]

As I passed by a river side,
And as I there did reign,
In argument I chanced to hear
A Carnal and a Crane.

The Carnal said unto the Crane,
"If all the world should turn,
Before we had the Father,
But now we have the Son!

"From whence does the Son come,
From where and in what place?"
He said, "In a manger,
Between an ox and ass."

"I pray thee," said the Carnal,
"Tell me before thou go'st,
Was not the mother of Jesus
Conceived by the Holy Ghost?"

" She was the purest Virgin,
And the cleanest from sin ;
She was the handmaid of our Lord,
And mother of our King."

" Where is the golden cradle
That Christ was rockèd in ?
Where are the silken sheets
That Jesus was wrapt in ? "

" A manger was the cradle
That Christ was rockèd in ;
The provender the asses left
So sweetly he slept on.

" There was a star in the West land,
So bright it did appear
Into King Herod's chamber,
And where King Herod were.

" The Wise Men soon espied it,
And told the king on high,
A princely babe was born that night
No king could e'er destroy.

" ' If this be true,' King Herod said,
' As thou tellest unto me,
This roasted cock that lies in the dish
Shall crow full fences three.'

" The cock soon freshly feathered was
By the work of God's own hand,
And then three fences crowèd he,
In the dish where he did stand.

" ' Rise up, rise up, you merry men all,
See that you ready be,
All children under two years old
Now slain they all shall be.'

" Then Jesus, ah ! and Joseph,
And Mary that was so pure,
They travelled into Egypt,
As you shall find it sure.

" And when they came to Egypt's land,
Amongst those fierce wild beasts,
Mary, she being weary,
Must needs sit down to rest.

" ' Come sit thee down,' says Jesus,
' Come sit thee down by me,
And thou shalt see how these wild beasts
Do come and worship me.'

" First came the lovely lion,
Which Jesu's grace did spring,
And of the wild beasts in the field
The lion shall be the king.

" We'll choose our virtuous princes,
Of birth and high degree,
In every sundry nation,
Where'er we come and see.

" Then Jesus, ah ! and Joseph,
And Mary that was unknown,
They travelled by a husbandman,
Just while his seed was sown.

" ' God speed thee, man ! ' said Jesus,
' Go fetch thy ox and wain,
And carry home thy corn again,
Which thou this day hast sown.'

" The husbandman fell on his knees,
Even before his face ;
' Long time hast thou been looked for,
But now thou art come at last.

" ' And I myself do now believe
Thy name is Jesus called ;
Redeemer of mankind thou art,
Though undeserving all.'

" ' The truth, man, thou hast spoken,
Of it thou may'st be sure,
For I must lose my precious blood
For thee and thousands more.

" ' If any one should come this way,
And inquire for me alone,
Tell them that Jesus passèd by,
As thou thy seed did sow.'

" After that there came King Herod,
With his train so furiously,
Inquiring of the husbandman,
Whether Jesus passèd by.

" ' Why, the truth it must be spoke,
And the truth it must be known,
For Jesus passèd by this way
When my seed was sown.

" ' But now I have it reapen,
And some laid on my wain,
Ready to fetch and carry
Into my barn again.'

" ' Turn back,' says the Captain,
' Your labour and mine's in vain,
It's full three-quarters of a year
Since he his seed has sown.'

" So Herod was deceivèd
By the work of God's own hand,
And further he proceeded
Into the Holy Land.

" There's thousands of children young.
Which for his sake did die,
Do not forbid those little ones,
And do not them deny.

" The truth now I have spoken,
And the truth now I have shown ;
Even the blessed Virgin,
She's now brought forth a Son."

St. Stephen and King Herod

[This ballad, unlike the foregoing, is of known date—the middle fifteenth century. The miracle of the crowing cock, narrated in both, is a common feature of ballads on the Nativity. The legend appears to have originated in the East.]

SAINT STEPHEN was a clerk
In King Herod's hall,
And served him of bread and cloth
As every king befall.

Stephen out of kitchen came
With boar's head on hand,
He saw a star was fair and bright
Over Bedlem * stand.

He cast adown the boar's head
And went into the hall ;
" I forsake thee, King Herod,
And thy workès all.

" I forsake thee, King Herod,
And thy workès all,
There is a child in Bedlem born
Is better than we all."

* Bethlehem. Compare, in any good dictionary, the derivation of *Bedlam*.

" What aileth thee, Stephen ?
What is thee befall ?
Lacketh thee either meat or drink
In King Herod's hall ? "

" Lacketh me neither meat ne drink
In King Herod's hall ;
There is a child in Bedlem born
Is better than we all."

" What aileth thee, Stephen ?
Art wode or 'ginnest to brede ?
Lacketh thee either gold or fee,
Or any rich weed ?"

" Lacketh me neither gold ne fee
Ne none rich weed ;
There is a child in Bedlem born
Shall helpen us at our need."

" That is all so sooth, Stephen,
All so sooth, I-wys,
As this capon crowè shall
That li'th here in my dish."

That word was not so soon said,
That word in that hall,
The capon crew *Christus natus est*
Among the lordès all.

" Risit up, my tormentors,
By two and all by one,
And leadit Stephen out of this town,
And stonit him with stone."

Tooken they Stephen
And stoned him in the way ;
And therefore is his even
On Christès own day.

As Joseph was A-walking

[There is nothing prettier, tenderer, or more reverent among the early religious ballads than this, the second part of the famous *Cherry-Tree Carol*.]

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing:
"This night shall be born
Our heavenly king.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all.

"He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
That rocks on the mould.

"He neither shall be christened
In white wine nor red,
But with fair spring water,
With which we were christenèd."

Jephthah's Daughter

[A fragment of this ballad occurs in *Hamlet*.]

HAVE you not heard these many years ago,
Jephthah was judge of Israel?
He had one only daughter and no mo,
The which he lovèd passing well:
And as by lot,
God wot,
It so came to pass,
As God's will it was,
That great wars there should be,
And none should be chosen chief but he.

And when he was appointed judge
And chieftain of his company,
A solemn vow to God he made:
If he returned with victory,
At his return
To burn
The first live thing
That should meet with him then,
Of his house when he should return again.

It came to pass the war was o'er,
And he returned with victory;
His dear and only daughter first of all
Came to meet her father foremostly;
And all the way
She did play
On tabret and pipe
Full many a stripe,
With note so high,
For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear
Coming on most foremostly,
He wrung his hands and tore his hair,
And crièd out most piteously :
"Oh ! it's thou," said he,
"That hast brought me
Low,
And troubled me so
That I know not what to do ;

"For I have made a vow," he said,
"The which must be replenishèd."
. . . . .
"What thou hast spoke
Do not revoke ;
What thou hast said
Be not afraid ;
Although it be I,
Keep promises to God on high.

"But, dear father, grant me one request,
That I may go to the wilderness,
Three months there with my friends to stay,
There to bewail my virginity ;
And let there be,"
Said she,
"Some two or three
Young maids with me."
So he sent her away,
For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day

8. OF MIRTH AND YOUTHFUL JOLLITY

Get Up and Bar the Door

[Another version of this ballad is *John Blunt.* The story is well known in many countries.]

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then, O!
When our gudewife had puddings to mak',
And she boiled them in the pan, O!
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

The wind blew cauld frae north to south,
And blew into the floor, O!
Quo' our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door, O!"
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

"My hand is in my housewifeskep,
Gudeman, as ye may see, O!
An it shouldna be barred this hunder year
It's no' be barred for me, O!"
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
And made it firm and sure, O!
Whaever should speak the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door, O!
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O!
They could neither see nor house nor ha'
Nor coal nor candle-light, O!
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

" Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O ! "
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barrin' o' the door, O !
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black, O !
Though muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O !
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

Then said the tane unto the tother,
" Here, man, take ye my knife, O !
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O ! "
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

" But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then, O ! "
" What ails ye at the pudding bree
That boils into the pan, O ! "
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

Up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O !
" Wad ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scaud me wi' pudding bree, O ! "
The barrin' o' our door. Weel—

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O !
" Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word—
Ye'll rise and bar the door, O ! "
The barrin' o' our door—weel !

Widdicombe Fair

" Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,"
All along, down along, out along, lee.
" For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all."
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

" And when shall I see again my grey mare ? "
All along, down along, out along, lee.
" By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all."
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
But Tom Pearse's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And he sees his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

So Tom Pearse's old mare her took sick and her died.
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
From Tom Pearse's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

[There is an Arabic version of this story, dating back to about A.D. 850, and thought to have been founded on an Egyptian version considerably older still. A modern variant which you may be familiar with, for it is still popular among schoolboys, is the story of the twins. John, a poor scholar, must answer the schoolmaster these questions, or suffer expulsion: How deep is the sea? What weight is the moon? What am I thinking? Tom, his brilliant brother, takes his place, and answers as follows: (1) a stone's-throw; (2) a hundredweight; (3) that I am John, but you're wrong—I'm Tom. No doubt you can supply Tom's reasoning in his first two answers.]

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping, and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me,
And, for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

" My liege," quo' the abbot, " I would it were known
I never spend nothing but what is my own ;
And I trust your grace will do me no dere
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

" Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die ;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

" And first," quo' the king, " when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

" Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

" O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace."

" Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford ;
But never a doctor there was so wise
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold :
" How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring us from good King John ? "

" Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give :
That I have but three more days to live ;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

" The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

" The second to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about :
And at the third question I must not shrink,
To tell him there truly what he does think."

" Now cheer up, sir abbot ! Did thou never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me your horse, serving-men and apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

" Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship as ever may be :
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town."

" Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier and mitre, and rochet and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope."

" Now welcome, sir abbot," the king he did say,
" 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day ;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall be.

" And first when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

" For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told ;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou'rt one penny worser than He."

The king he laughed and swore by St. Bittel :
" I did not think I had been worth so little !
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again ;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed and swore by St. John :
" I did not think I could do it so soon !
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

" Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :
You think I'm the abbot of Canterbury ;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
" I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place ! "
" Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack ! I can neither write nor read."

" Four nobles a week then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me ;
And tell the good abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

The Wee Cooper o' Fife

[The most popular of seven versions of an old ballad, *The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin.* There is a New England version dating from the early years of last century.]

THERE was a wee cooper who lived in Fife,
Nickity, nackity, noo, noo, noo,
And he has gotten a gentle wife.
Hey Willie Wallacky, how John Dougall,
Alane, quo' Rushety, roue, roue, roue.

She wadna bake, nor she wadna brew,
For the spoiling o' her comely hue.

She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,
For the shaming o' her gentle kin.

She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,
For the spoiling o' her gouden ring.

The cooper's awa to his woo-pack,
And has laid a sheep-skin on his wife's back.

" It's I'll no' thrash ye, for your proud kin,
But I will thrash my ain sheep-skin."

" Oh, I will bake, and I will brew,
And never mair think on my comely hue.

" Oh, I will card, and I will spin,
And never mair think on my gentle kin.

" Oh, I will wash, and I will wring,
And never think mair on my gouden ring."

A' ye wha hae gotten a gentle wife
Send ye for the wee cooper o' Fife.

Part II

MODERN POEMS OF BALLAD FORM

11a. MORE FAIRIES

The Ballad of Semmerwater

[A North-Country legend.]

DEEP asleep, deep asleep,
  Deep asleep it lies,
The still lake of Semmerwater
  Under the still skies.

And many a fathom, many a fathom,
  Many a fathom below,
In a king's tower and a queen's bower
  The fishes come and go.

Once there stood by Semmerwater
  A mickle town and tall ;
King's tower and queen's bower,
  And the wakeman on the wall.

Came a beggar halt and sore :
  " I faint for lack of bread."
King's tower and queen's bower
  Cast him forth unfed.

He knocked at the door of the herdman's cot,
  The herdman's cot in the dale.
They gave him of their oatcake,
  They gave him of their ale.

He has cursed aloud that city proud,
  He has cursed it in its pride ;
He has cursed it into Semmerwater
  Down the brant hillside ;
He has cursed it into Semmerwater,
  There to bide.

King's tower and queen's bower,
And a mickle town and tall ;
By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin,
Folk have seen them all.

King's tower and queen's bower,
And weed and reed in the gloom ;
And a lost city in Semmerwater,
Deep asleep till Doom.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

The Witch's Ballad

O I hae come from far away,
From a warm land far away,
A southern land across the sea,
With sailor-lads about the mast,
Merry and canny, and kind to me.

And I hae been to yon town
To try my luck in yon town ;
Nort, and Mysie, Elspie too.
Right braw we were to pass the gate,
Wi' gowden clasps on girdles blue.

Mysie smiled wi' mimitry mouth,
Innocent mouth, miminy mouth ;
Elspie wore a scarlet gown,
Nort's grey eyes were unco' gleg.
My Castile comb was like a crown.

We walk'd abreast all up the street,
Into the market up the street ;
Our hair with marigolds was wound,
Our bodices with love-knots laced,
Our merchandise with tansy bound.

Nort had chickens, I had cocks
Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks ;
Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes,—
For a wee groat or a pound ;
We lost nae time wi' gives and takes.

—Lost nae time, for well we knew,
In our sleeves full well we knew,
When the gloaming came that night,
Duck nor drake, nor hen nor cock
Would be found by candle-light.

And when our chaffering all was done,
All was paid for, sold and done,
We drew a glove on ilka hand,
We sweetly curtsied, each to each,
And deftly danced a saraband.

The market-lasses look'd and laugh'd,
Left their gear, and look'd and laugh'd ;
They made as they would join the game,
But soon their mithers, wild and wud,
With whack and screech they stopp'd the same.

Sae loud the tongues o' randies grew,
The flytin' and the skirlin' grew,
At all the windows in the place,
Wi' spoons or knives, wi' needle or awl,
Was thrust out every hand and face.

And down each stair they throng'd anon,
Gentle, semple, throng'd anon :
Souter and tailor, frowsy Nan,
The ancient widow young again,
Simpering behind her fan.

Without a choice, against their will,
Doited, dazed, against their will,

The market lassie and her mither,
The farmer and his husbandman,
Hand in hand dance a' thegither.

Slow at first, but faster soon,
Still increasing, wild and fast,
Hoods and mantles, hats and hose,
Blindly doff'd and cast away,
Left them naked, heads and toes.

They would have torn us limb from limb,
Dainty limb from dainty limb ;
But never one of them could win
Across the line that I had drawn
With bleeding thumb a-widdershin.

But there was Jeff the provost's son,
Jeff the provost's only son ;
There was Father Auld himsel',
The Lombard frae the hostelry,
And the lawyer Peter Fell.

All goodly men we singled out,
Waled them well, and singled out,
And drew them by the left hand in ;
Mysie the priest, and Elspie won
The Lombard, Nort the lawyer's carle,
I mysel' the provost's son.

Then, with cantrip kisses seven,
Three times round with kisses seven,
Warp'd and woven there spun we
Arms and legs and flaming hair,
Like a whirlwind on the sea.

Like a wind that sucks the sea,
Over and in and on the sea,

Good scoth it was a mad delight ;
And every man of all the four
Shut his eyes and laugh'd outright.

Laugh'd as long as they had breath,
Laugh'd while they had sense or breath ;
And close about us coil'd a mist
Of gnats and midges, wasps and flies,
Like the whirlwind shaft it rist.

Drawn up I was right off my feet,
Into the mist and off my feet ;
And, dancing on the chimney-top,
I saw a thousand darling imps
Keeping time with skip and hop.

And on the provost's brave ridge-tile,
On the provost's grand ridge-tile,
The Blackamoor first to master me
I saw, I saw that winsome smile,
The mouth that did my heart beguile,
And spoke the great Word over me,
In the land beyond the sea.

I call'd his name, I call'd aloud,
Alas ! I call'd on him aloud ;
And then he fill'd his hand with stour,
And threw it towards me in the air ;
My mouse flew out, I lost my pow'r !

My lusty strength, my power were gone ;
Power was gone, and all was gone.
He will not let me love him more !
Of bell and whip and horse's tail
He cares not if I find a store.

But I am proud if he is fierce !
I am as proud as he is fierce ;

I'll turn about and backward go,
If I meet again that Blackamoor,
And he'll help us then, for he shall know
I seek another paramour.

And we'll gang once more to yon town,
  Wi' better luck to yon town ;
We'll walk in silk and cramoisie,
And I shall wed the provost's son :
My lady of the town I'll be !

For I was born a crown'd king's child,
  Born and nursed a king's child,
King o' a land ayont the sea,
Where the Blackamoor kiss'd me first,
And taught me art and glamourie.

The Lombard shall be Elspie's man,
  Elspie's gowden husband-man ;
Nort shall take the lawyer's hand ;
The priest shall swear another vow :
We'll dance again the saraband !

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

Kallundborg Church

" BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea
A church as stately as church may be,
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,
" Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed ! "
And off he strode, in his pride of will,
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

" Build, O Troll, a church for me
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea ;
Build it stately and build it fair,
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, " No work is wrought
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair ? "
" Set thine own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

" When Kallundborg church is builded well,
Thou must the name of its builder tell,
Or thy heart and eyes must be my boon."
" Build," said Esbern, " and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on ;
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone ;
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumour ran through the country-side ;
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was well-nigh done ;
One pillar it lacked, and one alone ;
And the grim Troll muttered, " Fool thou art !
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart ! "

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow walked Esbern Snare,
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole ;
Before him the church stood large and fair ;
" I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side :
" O Esbern Snare ! " a sweet voice said,
" Would I might die now in thy stead ! "

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
He held her fast, and he held her long ;
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

" O Love ! " he cried, " let me look to-day
In thine eyes, ere mine are plucked away ;
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart,
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart !

" I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee !
Pray that the Lord Christ may pardon me ! "
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow baffling his evil art ;
For more than spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
Of a Troll-wife singing underground :
" To-morrow comes Finé, father thine ;
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine !

" Lie still, my darling ! next sunrise
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes ! "
" Ho ! ho ! " quoth Esbern, " is that your game ?
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name ! "

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.
" Too late, Gaffer Finé ! " cried Esbern Snare ;
And Troll and pillar vanished in air !

That night the harvesters heard the sound
Of a woman sobbing underground,
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the church they sing the rune
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon ;
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare !

J. G. WHITTIER.

Alice Brand

I

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

" O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you ;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do !

" O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

" Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,

For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer,
To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance:
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,
As gay the forest green.

"And Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richàrd,
And he his Alice Brand."

II

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride and brown oak's side
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who wonn'd within the hill—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?

Or who comes here to chase the deer
Beloved of our Elfin Queen ?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green ?

" Up, Urgan, up ! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen'd man :
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.

" Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye ;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part
Nor yet find leave to die ! "

III

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing ;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is faggots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
" I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
" That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear :
" And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

" Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood !
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign :
" And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

" And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here."

IV

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing :

" And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

" And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

" It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatch'd away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

" But wist I of a woman bold
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—
That lady was so brave ;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold—
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing ;
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey
When all the bells were ringing.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Kilmeny

BONNIE Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring ;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree ;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw ;
Lang the laird o' Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame !

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had pray'd and the dead-bell rung,

Late, late in gloamin' when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle low'd wi' an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

. . . . . .

And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's e'en
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keepèd afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appear'd,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheer'd;
The wolf play'd blythly round the field,
The lordly bison low'd and kneel'd;
The dun deer woo'd with manner bland,
And cower'd aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charm'd and amazed;
Even the dull cattle croon'd and gazed,
And murmur'd and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.

The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;
The corby left her houf in the rock ;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merle and the mavis forhooy'd their young ;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurl'd ;
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh, the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth !
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And return'd to the land of thought again.

J. Hogg.

2a. MORE OUTLAWS

Bold Robin

Bold Robin has robed him in ghostly attire,
And forth he is gone like a holy friar,
  Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down :
And of two friars he soon was aware,
Regaling themselves with dainty fare,
  All on the fallen leaves so brown.

" Good morrow, good brothers," said bold Robin Hood,
" And what make you in good greenwood ?
  Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down :
Now give me, I pray you, wine and food ;
For none can I find in the good greenwood,
  All on the fallen leaves so brown."

" Good brother," they said, " we would give you full fain,
But we have no more than enough for twain,
  Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down."
" Then give me some money," said bold Robin Hood,
" For none can I find in the good greenwood,
  All on the fallen leaves so brown."

" No money have we, good brother," said they :
" Then," said he, " we three for money will pray,
  Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down :
And whatever shall come at the end of our prayer,
We three holy friars will piously share,
  All on the fallen leaves so brown."

" We will not pray with thee, good brother, God wot ;
For truly, good brother, thou pleasest us not,

Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down."
Then up they both started from Robin to run,
But down on their knees Robin pulled them each one,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

The grey friars prayed with a doleful face,
But bold Robin prayed with a right merry grace,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down:
And when they had prayed their portmanteau he took,
And from it a hundred good angels he shook
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

"The saints," said bold Robin, "have hearkened our prayer,
And here's a good angel apiece for your share;
If more you would have, you must win ere you wear,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down."
Then he blew his good horn with a musical cheer,
And fifty good bowmen came trooping full near,
And away the grey friars they bounded like deer,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

T. L. PEACOCK.

The Raiders

LAST night a Wind from Lammermoor came roaring up the glen
With the tramp of trooping horses and the laugh of reckless men,
And struck a mailed hand on the gate and cried in rebel glee:
"Come forth. Come forth, my Borderer, and ride the March with me!"

I said, "Oh! Wind of Lammermoor, the night's too dark to ride,

And all the men that fill the glen are ghosts of men
that died!
The floods are down in Bowmont Burn, the moss is
fetlock-deep;
Go back, wild Wind of Lammermoor, to Lauderdale—
and sleep!"

Out spoke the Wind of Lammermoor, "We know the
road right well,
The road that runs by Kale and Jed across the Carter
Fell;
There is no man of all the men in this grey troop of
mine
But blind might ride the Borderside from Teviothead
to Tyne!"

The horses fretted on their bits and pawed the flints
to fire,
The riders swung them to the South full-faced to their
desire;
"Come!" said the Wind from Lammermoor, and
spoke full scornfully,
"Have ye no pride to mount and ride your fathers'
road with me?"

A roan horse to the gate they led, foam-flecked and
travelled far,
A snorting roan that tossed his head and flashed his
forehead star;
There came a sound of clashing steel, and hoof-tramp
up the glen,
. . . And two by two we cantered through, a troop of
ghostly men!

. . . . . .

I know not if the farms we fired are burned to ashes
yet!
I know not if the stirks grew tired before the stars
were set!

I only know that late last night when northern winds
blew free,
A troop of men rode up the glen and brought a horse
for me!

W. H. OGILVIE.

The Ballad of East and West

*OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,*
*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judg-
ment Seat;*
*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*
*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her
far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop
of the Guides:
'Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides?'
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar:
'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.
'At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair,
'But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to
fare,

'So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
'By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
'But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
'For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
'There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
'And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen.'
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now if ye can ride.'
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with her glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
'Twas only by favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode so long alive:
'There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
'But covered a man of my own men with a rifle cocked on his knee.
'If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
'The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
'If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
'The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'Do good to bird and beast,
'But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
'If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
'Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.

'They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
'The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
'But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup,
'The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
'And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
'Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!'
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and grey wolf meet.
'May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
'What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'I hold by the blood of my clan:
'Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!'
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
'We be two strong men,' said Kamal then, 'but she loveth the younger best.
'So shall she go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
'My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.'
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he; 'will ye take the mate from a friend?'
'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight; 'a limb for the risk of a limb.

'Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!'
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a troop of the Guides,
'And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
'Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
'Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
'So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
'And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
'And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
'Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.'

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.
'Ha' done! ha' done!' said the Colonel's son. 'Put
up the steel at your sides!
'Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night
'tis a man of the Guides!'

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

3a. MORE BATTLES

Harlaw

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen, great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see ;
Now here's a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie :

" What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,

Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wond'rous peril;
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side.
And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,—
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Agincourt

[Though Drayton's poem may actually be older than some of the ballads printed above as *ancient*, it is in every significant sense a *modern* ballad. It was composed, that is to say, not from tradition, but from a Chronicle—Holinshed's—and it was intended from the first to be read. It differs from the popular ballads, too, in that it has but one form—that in which it was written at the first—and has not suffered the editing of any "blind crowder."]

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;

But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
Unto him sending ;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
" Though they to one be ten
Be not amazèd :
Yet have we well begun ;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

" And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be :
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me :

Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

" Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell :
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped
Among his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there ;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake :
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces !

When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother ;

Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen ?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

4a. THE SEA AGAIN, AND THE SHIPS

The Yerl o' Waterydeck

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew,
And it was " Hey for hame ! "
But up an' cried the skipper til his crew,
" Haud her oot ower the saut sea faem."

Syne up an' spak the angry king :
" Haud on for Dumferline ! "
Quo' the skipper, " My lord, this maunna be—
I'm king on this boat o' mine."

He tuik the helm intil his han',
He left the shore un'er the lee ;
Syne croodit sail, an', east and south,
Stude awa richt oot to sea.

Quo' the king, " Leise-majesty, I trow !
Here lies some ill-set plan !
'Bout ship ! " Quo' the skipper, " Yer grace forgets
Ye are king but o' the lan' ! "

Oot he heild to the open sea
Quhill the north wind flaughtered an' fell ;
Syne the east had a bitter word to say
That waukent a watery hell.

He turnt her heid intil the north :
Quo' the nobles, " He's droon, by the mass ! "
Quo' the skipper, " Haud aff yer lily-han's
Or ye'll never see the Bass."

The king creepit down the cabin-stair
To drink the gude French wine ;
An' up cam his dochter, the princess fair,
An' luikit ower the brine.

She turnt her face to the drivin snaw,
To the snaw but and the weet ;
It claucht her snood, an' awa like a clud
Her hair drave oot i' the sleet.

She turnt her face frae the drivin win'—
" Quhat's that aheid ? " quo' she.
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win'
An' he brayt the helm alee.

" Put to yer han', my lady fair !
Haud up her heid ! " quo' he ;
" Gien she dinna face the win' a wee mair
It's faurweel to you an' me ! "

To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
An' the ship brayt her cheek to the blast ;
They joukit the berg, but her quarter scraped,
An' they luikit at ither aghast.

Quo' the skipper, " Ye are a lady fair,
An' a princess gran' to see,
But war ye a beggar, a man wud sail
To the hell i' yer company."

She liftit a pale an' a queenly face,
Her een flashed, an' syne they swam :
" An' what for no to the hevin ? " she says,
An' she turnt awa frae him.

But she tuik na her han' frae the gude ship's helm
Till the day begouth to daw ;
An' the skipper he spak, but what was said
It was said atween them twa.

An' syne the gude ship she lay to,
Wi' Scotlan' hyne un'er the lee ;
An' the king cam up the cabin-stair
Wi' wan face an' bluidshot ee.

Laigh loutit the skipper upo' the deck ;
" Stan' up, stan' up," quo' the king ;
" Ye're an honest loun—an' beg me a boon
Quhan ye gie me back this ring."

Lowne blew the win' ; the stars cam oot :
The ship turnt frae the north ;
An' or ever the sun was up an' aboot,
They war intil the firth o' Forth.

Quhan the gude ship lay at the pier-heid,
And the king stude steady o' the lan',—
" Doon wi' ye, skipper—doon ! " he said,
" Hoo daur ye afore me stan' ! "

The skipper he loutit on his knee ;
The king his blade he drew :
Quo' the king, " Noo mynt ye to contre me !
I'm aboord *my* vessel noo !

" Gien I hadna been yer verra gude lord
I wud hae thrawn yer neck !
Bot—ye wha loutit Skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yerl o' Waterydeck."

The skipper he rasena : " Yer Grace is great.
Yer wull it can heize or ding :
Wi' ae wee word ye hae made me a yerl—
Wi' anither mak me a king."

" I canna mak ye a king," quo' he,
" The Lord alane can do that !
I snowk leise-majesty, my man !
Quhat the Sathan wad ye be at ? "

Glowert at the skipper the doutsum king
Jalousin aneth his croon ;
Quo' the skipper, " Here is yer Grace's ring—
An' yer dochter is my boon ! "

The black blude shot intil the king's face—
He wasna bonny to see :
" The rascal skipper ! he lichtlies oor grace !—
Gar hang him heigh on yon tree."

Up sprang the skipper an' aboord his ship,
Cleikit up a bytin blade
An' hackit at the cable that held her to the pier,
An' thoucht it 'maist ower weel made.

The king he blew shrill in a siller whustle ;
An' tramp, tramp, doon the pier
Cam twenty men on twenty horses,
Clankin wi' spur an' spear.

At the king's fute fell his dochter fair :
" His life ye wadna spill ! "
" Ye daur stan' 'twixt my hert an' my hate ? "
" I daur, wi' a richt gude will ! "

" Ye was aye to yer faither a thrawart bairn,
But, my lady, here stan's the king !
Luikna *him* i' the angry face—
A monarch's anither thing ! "

" I lout to my father for his grace
Low on my bendit knee ;
But I stan' an luik the king i' the face,
For the skipper is king o' me ! "

She turnt, she sprang upo' the deck,
The cable splashed i' the Forth ;
Her wings sae braid the gude ship spread
And flew east, an' syne flew north.

Now was not this a king's dochter—
A lady that feared no skaith ?—
A woman wi' quhilk a man micht sail
Prood intil the Port o' Death ?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Last Buccaneer

OH England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about ;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old ;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold ;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off there;
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

San Stefano

[A ballad of the bold *Menelaus*.]

It was morning at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant days,
And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,

When the frigate set her courses, all a-shimmer in the haze,
And she hauled her cable home and took the tide.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold Menelaus *put to sea.*

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she was heading for the land,
When she spied a pennant red and white and blue ;
They were foemen, and they knew it, and they'd half a league in hand,
But she flung aloft her royals and she flew.
She was nearer, nearer, nearer, they were caught beyond a doubt,
But they slipped her, into Orbetello Bay,
And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their cables out,
With the guns grinning round them where they lay.

Now Sir Peter was a captain of a famous fighting race,
Son and grandson of an admiral was he ;
And he looked upon the batteries, he looked upon the chase,
And he heard the shout that echoed out to sea.
And he called across the decks, " Ay ! the cheering might be late

If they kept it till the *Menelaus* runs ;
Bid the master and his mate heave the lead and lay her straight
For the prize lying yonder by the guns."

When the summer moon was setting, into Orbetello Bay
Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost ;
And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence pulled away,
And in silence every gunner took his post.
With a volley from her broadside the citadel she woke,
And they hammered back like heroes all the night ;
But before the morning broke she had vanished through the smoke
With her prize upon her quarter grappled tight.

It was evening at St. Helen's in the great and gallant time,
And the sky behind the down was flushing far ;
And the flags were all a-flutter, and the bells were all a-chime,
When the frigate cast her anchor off the bar.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold Menelaus *came from sea.*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

Hervé Riel

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored—
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside ?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay ! "

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate :
" Here's the English at our heels ; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?
Better run the ships aground ! "
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
" Not a minute more to wait !
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach !
France must undergo her fate.

" Give the word ! " But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard ;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first, second, third ?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete !
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, " What mockery or malice have we here ? " cries
Hervé Riel :
" Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues ?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
disembogues ?
Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the
lying's for ?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That were worse
than fifty Hogues !
Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs, believe
me there's a way !

" Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound ;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head ! "
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
" Steer us in, then, small and great !
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron ! "
cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place !
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace !
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound !
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief !
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas " Anchor ! "—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late !

So, the storm subsides to calm :
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm,
" Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away ! "

'Neath the rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !
Now hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !
Out burst all with one accord,
" This is Paradise for Hell !
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing ! "

What a shout, and all one word,
" Hervé Riel ! "
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, " My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips :
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith our sun was near eclipse !
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
" Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
but a run ?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come ! A good whole holiday !
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
Aurore ! "
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;

Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A Ballad for a Boy

WHEN George the Third was reigning a hundred years ago,
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.
"You're not afraid of shot," said he, "you're not afraid of wreck,
So cruise about the west of France in the frigate called *Quebec*.

"Quebec was once a Frenchman's town, but twenty years ago
King George the Second sent a man called General Wolfe, you know,
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,
As you'd look down a hatchway when standing on the deck.

" If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then so you
can beat them now.
Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow.
But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name,
And you'll remember Wolfe's good work, and you
shall do the same."

Then Farmer said, " I'll try, sir," and Farmer bowed
so low
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.
George gave him his commission, and that it might
be safer,
Signed " King of Britain, King of France," and sealed
it with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon his
throne.
He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten score
men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen
brace of dogs,
With two-and-thirty cannon the ship explored the fogs.
From Cape La Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to
Belleisle,
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on
her keel.

The fogs are dried, the frigate's side is bright with
melting tar,
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar ;
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts from
out the Breton bay,

And " Clear for Action ! " Farmer shouts, and reefers yell " Hooray ! "

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I could pronounce ;
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine
For honour and the fleur-de-lys and Antoinette the Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly smiths could forge ;
And both were simple seamen, but both could understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and native land.

The French ship was *La Surveillante*, which means the watchful maid ;
She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul ; we had to spread more sail,
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets came like hail.

Sore smitten were both captains, and many lads beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried,
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing gun ;
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the Frenchman won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow ;
Men hung upon the taffrail, half scorched, but loth to go ;
Our captain sat where once he stood, and would not quit his chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleeding there.

The guns were hushed on either side, the Frenchmen lowered boats,
They flung us planks and hencoops, and everything that floats.
They risked their lives, good fellows ! to bring their rivals aid,
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely made.

La Surveillante was like a sieve ; the victors had no rest.
They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port of Brest ;
And where the waves leapt lower, and the riddled ship went slower,
In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-boats to tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned for Farmer dead ;
And as the wounded captives passed each Breton bowed the head.
Then spoke the French lieutenant, " 'Twas fire that won, not we.
You never struck your flag to us ; you'll go to England free."

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred
seventy-nine,
A year when nations ventured against us to combine,
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remembered
not ;
But thanks be to the French book wherein they're not
forgot.

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my youngster,
bear in mind
Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and kind ;
Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our lads to
Brest,
And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and a
guest.

WILLIAM CORY.

5a. LOVE AND DEATH

Cumnor Hall

[The story of the ill-fated Amy Robsart, the heroine of Scott's *Kenilworth*. The Earl of Leicester, the great favourite of Elizabeth, was supposed to have married Amy and to have loved her devotedly until ambition prompted him to aspire to the hand of his royal mistress.]

THE dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet Regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies;
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from the lonely pile.

"Leicester!" she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed
Thy once-belovèd bride to see:
But, be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall:
No faithless husband then me grieved;
No chilling fears did me appal.

" I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay :
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the live-long day.

" If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all-despised ;
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized ?

" But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows ;
Rather, ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

" Then, Leicester, why—again I plead ;
The injured surely may repine—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair Princess might be thine ?

" Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And O ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the live-long day ?

" The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go :
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

" How far less blest am I than them !
Daily to pine and waste with care,
Like the poor plant that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

" My spirits flag ; my hopes decay ;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear :
And many a boding seems to say,
Countess, prepare ! thy end is near ! "

Thus sore and sad the lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring ;
An aerial voice was heard to call ;
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door ;
The oaks were shatter'd on the green ;
Woe was the hour ! for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball :
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Lord Ullin's Daughter

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should they find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight.
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:—

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, O! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the wild waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

La Belle Dame sans Merci

" O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

" O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

" I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

" I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

" I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

" I sat her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

" She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
' I love thee true.'

" She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

" And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

" I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:
They cried, ' La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall! '

" I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

" And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing."

JOHN KEATS.

Rosabelle

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

" Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

" The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

" Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? "

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Highwayman

PART ONE

I

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin ;
They fitted with never a wrinkle : his boots were up to the thigh !

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

III

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred ;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

IV

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened ; his face was white and peaked ;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

V

" One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light ;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

VI

He rose upright in the stirrups ; he scarce could reach
her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement ! His face
burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over
his breast ;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight !)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and gal-
loped away to the West.

PART TWO

I

He did not come in the dawning ; he did not come at
noon ;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the
moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple
moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-
door.

II

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale
instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the
foot of her narrow bed ;
Two of them knelt at the casement, with muskets at
their side !
There was death at every window ;
And hell at one dark window ;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road
that *he* would ride.

III

They had tied her up to attention, with many a
sniggering jest ;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the muzzle
beneath her breast !
" Now keep good watch ! " and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight ;
Watch for me by moonlight ;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the
way !

IV

She twisted her hands behind her ; but all the knots
held good !
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with
sweat or blood !
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the
hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at least
was hers !

V

The tip of one finger touched it ; she strove no more
for the rest !
Up she stood to attention, with the muzzle beneath
her breast,
She would not risk their hearing ; she would not
strive again ;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight ;
Blank and bare in the moonlight ;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed
to her love's refrain.

VI

Tlot-tlot ; tlot-tlot ! Had they heard it ? The horse-
hoofs ringing clear
Tlot-tlot ; tlot-tlot, in the distance ? Were they deaf
that they did not hear ?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the
hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding ;
The red-coats looked to their priming ! She stood up
straight and still !

VII

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence ! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing
night !
Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a
light !
Her eyes grew wide for a moment ; she drew one last
deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him
—with her death.

VIII

He turned ; he spurred to the Westward ; he did not
know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with
her own blood !
Not till the dawn he heard it, and his face grew grey to
hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died
in the darkness there.

IX

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

* * * * *

X

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

XI

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

ALFRED NOYES.

6a. LOVERS' MEETINGS

The Friar of Orders Grey

[The story of this ballad—a counterpart to that of *The Bailiff's Daughter*—is widely found in other languages, but, curiously enough, there is no English version of antiquity. Percy's version is a cento—a patchwork, that is to say—made up from ballad fragments, several of which are taken from Shakespeare's plays.]

It was a friar of orders grey
Walked forth to tell his beads ;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

" Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

" And how should I know your true-love
From many another one ? "
" Oh, by his cockle-hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

" But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

" O lady, he is dead and gone !
Lady, he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

" Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

" They bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall."

" And art thou dead, thou gentle youth,
And art thou dead and gone ;
And didst thou die for love of me ?
Break, cruel heart of stone ! "

" Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek ;
Let not vain sorrows rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

" Oh, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

" And now, alas ! for thy sad loss
I'll ever weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die."

" Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain ;
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

" Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

" Oh, say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so ;
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

" And will he never come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

" His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comeliest youth was he ;
But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas, and woe is me ! "

" Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

" Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

" Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so ;
My love he had the truest heart,
Oh, he was ever true !

" And art thou dead, thou much loved youth,
And didst thou die for me ?
Then farewell, home ; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

" But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

" Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall ;
See, through the thorn blows cold the wind
And drizzly rain doth fall."

" Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar ;
Oh, stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

" Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see, beneath this gown of grey
Thy own true-love appears.

" Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought,
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

" But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

" Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart ;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

THOMAS PERCY.

Lochinvar

[Lady Heron's song in *Marmion*. Scott seems to have taken the central idea and one or two of the details from the old ballad, *Katharine Janfarie*. The name, Lochinvar, is retained, doubtless for its fine sound—no poet ever had a better ear than Scott for a fine-sounding name—but it is given here to the adventurous lover instead of the hapless bridegroom. A detailed comparison of the two poems makes an interesting study in the difference between old and new. Note particularly that Scott's poem aims at a perfect description of a single episode—the elopement; while the old ballad, with amiable garrulity, rambles through the whole history of the affair.]

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
" Now tread we a measure ! " said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
" She is won ! we are gone ! over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lady Clare

[Tennyson was too great a master of verse not to capture most of the outward charm and manner of the old ballads when he chose. It is a question worth considering, however, whether he was as successful with their spirit and attitude to life.]

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betrothed were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

" He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, " Who was this that went from thee ? "
" It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
" To-morrow he weds with me."

" O God be thank'd," said Alice the nurse,
" That all comes round so just and fair !
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

" Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, " that ye speak so wild ? "
" As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
" I speak the truth : you are my child.

" The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my own child in her stead."

" Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, " if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

" Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
" But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

" If I'm a beggar born," she said,
" I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by ! "

" Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
" But keep the secret all ye can ! "
She said, " Not so ; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

" Nay now, what faith ? " said Alice the nurse ;
" The man will cleave unto his right."
" And he shall have it," the lady replied,
" Tho' I should die to-night."

" Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
" O mother, mother, mother," she said,
" So strange it seems to me !

" Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so ;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale and she went by down
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
" O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ? "

" If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born," she said,
" And not the Lady Clare."

" Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
" For I am yours in word and deed ;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald ;
" Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :
" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the next in blood—

" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

LORD TENNYSON.

The Singing Leaves

I

" WHAT fairings will ye that I bring ? "
Said the King to his daughters three ;
" For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be ? "

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand :
" Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red :
" For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

" There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
' Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.' "

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn :
" Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born ;

" But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves ; "
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, " Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights,
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
" Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me ! "

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

" Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon ? "

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran :
" Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

" That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be ;
" 'Twill be my dog," he thought, and said,
" My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
" Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate
A maiden to meet him ran,
And, " Welcome, father ! " she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

" Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
" And woe, but they cost me dear ! "
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang: "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

7a. THE SPIRIT OF HOLY WRIT

Magdalen

[Michael's gate is presumably the gate of Heaven over which, according to some traditions, he keeps guard. The wounds referred to are those which Jesus suffered for our transgressions.]

MAGDALEN at Michael's gate
  Tirlèd at the pin;
On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
  "Let her in! Let her in!"

"Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael,
  "Knowst thou thy sin?"
"It is evening, evening," sang the blackbird,
  "Let her in! Let her in!"

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,
  And I know my sin."
"She knows it well, well, well," sang the blackbird,
  "Let her in! Let her in!"

"Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael,
  "Nought save sin."
And the blackbird sang, "She is sorry, sorry, sorry,
  Let her in! Let her in!"

When he had sung himself to sleep,
  And night did begin,
One came and opened Michael's gate,
  And Magdalen went in.

HENRY KINGSLEY.

A Ballad of St. Christopher

THERE dwelt at the court of a good king
A giant huge and black,
He could take up Gedney Church
And carry it on his back ;
A giant fierce and grim as he
No king had in his giantry.

This paynim wight was dull of wit,
But he held fast one thing,
That the strongest man in all the world
Should serve the strongest king ;
A purpose firm he had in mind,
The mightiest king on earth to find.

A minstrel sang a song of the Devil.
The giant gasped to see
That the king made at the Devil's name
A sign with fingers three.
" Ho ! ho ! " said the giant, " I stay not here
To serve a king who goes in fear."

The giant found the great black Devil,
And did him homage true,
To be his faithful bondservant,
His bidding aye to do ;
With his new master night and morn
He fired farmsteads and trampled corn.

They went on a lonely road one day,
Plotting great harm and loss ;
" I must turn back," the Devil said sudden,
" For here I see a Cross."
" Ho ! ho ! " said the giant, " is here the sign
Of a king whose power is more than thine ? "

" Gallows of God ! " the Devil said,
And white with rage went he,
" He took the gallows for Himself
That, sure, belonged to me ;
He took the gallows, He took the thief,
He stole my harvest sheaf by sheaf.

" He broke my gates, He harried my realm,
He freed my prisoned folk,
He crowned His Mother for Eve discrowned,
My kingdom went like smoke ;
Where'er I go by night or day
That sign has power to bar my way.

" Great is my might, but against the clan
Of this King I have no charm ;
If they touch water, if they touch wood,
I cannot work them harm ;
I go a wanderer without rest
Where fingers three touch brow and breast ! "

" God keep thee, Devil," the giant said,
" Thy riddle I cannot read,
But from thy company here and now
I must depart with speed ;
I hold thee but as a beaten knave,
To find that mightiest King I crave."

The giant came to an old, old man
That worked among his bees,
He gathered wax for the altar lights
In white beneath green trees ;
The sun shone through him, and he, too, shone,
For he was the Blessèd Apostle John.

He asked the old man of that king
Whose bondslave he would be :

" Thro' wood," said St. John, " there is healing in water,
His servants all are free."
He christened him, and straightway then
Told of the tasks of christened men.

" Some wear the stone with their bent knees,
Some holy pictures limn,
Some bear the news of Christ to lands
That have not heard of Him."
The giant said, " If I had the will
For this, I have no wit nor skill."

" To ford," St. John said, " yonder river,
Poor wayfarers essay,—
And by the great swiftness of the stream
Many are swept away ;
Who carries them over will do a thing
To pleasure greatly the Strong King."

The giant came to that wild water,
And on its brink did dwell,
He saved the lives of wayfarers
More than a man may tell ;
And there it chanced one midnight wild
He heard the cry of a little child.

The child held a globe in his hand,
He begged to cross that night ;
The giant set him on his shoulder
As a burden sweet and light ;
Into the stream with a careless laugh
He stepped with a palm tree for a staff.

But the child grew heavier and his globe,
Until they weighed like lead,
" Deus meus et omnia
What child is this ? " he said ;
It seemed as the waves swelled and whirled
He felt the weight of all the world.

Sure, all the churches upon earth
  He bore with tottering feet,
Rouen, Amiens, Bourges, and Chartres,
  Long Sutton, Gedney, Fleet ;
So sweet, so terrible the load,
It was as though he carried God.

The bells of all those churches rang
  When they had gained the shore,
He saw no child, but a great King
  Of might unguessed before ;
The King on whom the world is stayed,
That is the Son of the pure Maid.

" I thank thee, Christopher, that thou
  So well hast kept My rule,
Thou hast borne Me with Heaven My throne
  And the earth My footstool."
He felt strange joy within him stir
As the King called him " Christopher."

On fair-days and on market-days,
  Where men to fiddles sing,
They tell of the strongest man on earth
  Who served the mightiest King.
For that great King he served so well,
He loves the song and the fiddèl.

RICHARD LAWSON GALES.

The Boy and the Angel

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
" Praise God ! " sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped, and sang, " Praise God ! "

Said Blaise, the listening monk, " Well done ;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son ;

" As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

" This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, " Would God that I
Might praise Him, that great way, and die ! "

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, " Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;

Entered in flesh the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew :
The man put off the stripling's hue :

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay ;

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content

(He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun).

God said, " A praise is in my ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear ;

" So sing old worlds, and so,
New worlds that from my footstool go.

" Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise."

Then sprang forth Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day ; he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till in his life the sickness weighed,

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer,

And, rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the east with praise he turned,
And in his sight the angel burned.

" I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.

" Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

" Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped
—Creation's chorus stopped !

" Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain ;

" With that weak voice of our disdain
Take up creation's pausing strain ;

" Back to the cell and poor employ :
Resume the craftsman and the boy ! "

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Ballad of Father Gilligan

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day ;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

" I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die ; "
And after cried he, " God forgive !
My body spake, not I ! "

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep ;
And the moth-hour went from the fields
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind ;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

" Mavrone ! mavrone ! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair ; "
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen ;
The sick man's wife opened the door :
" Father ! you come again ! "

" And is the poor man dead ? " he cried.
" He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

" When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

" He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

" He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

8a. VERY TRAGICAL MIRTH

John Gilpin

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, " That's well said ;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels ;
Were never folks so glad :
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, " Well done ! "
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around,
" He carries weight ; he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound ! "

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made the horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcòny spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

" Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here's the house,"
They all at once did cry ;
" The dinner waits, and we are tired ; "
Said Gilpin, " So am I ! "

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

" What news ? what news ? your tidings tell !
Tell me you must and shall—
Say, why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all ? "

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the Calender
In merry guise he spoke :

" I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind ;
A hat not much the worse for wear ;
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit :
" My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

" But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, " It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware ! "

So, turning to his horse, he said,
" I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighten'd steed he frighten'd more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too!
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd, till where he had got up
He did again get down.

—Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

WILLIAM COWPER.

Little Billee

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea,

But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy
" I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
" We've nothing left ; us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
" With one another we shouldn't agree !

" There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

" Oh, Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."

When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

" First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."

" Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. " There's land I see :

" There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee :

" There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee :

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

The Goose

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together ;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He uttered rhyme and reason,
" Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf
And ran to tell her neighbours ;
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied ;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder :
But ah ! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

" A quinsy choke thy cursèd note ! "
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
" Go, take the goose, and wring her throat ;
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat ;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning ;
" So keep you cold or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder ;

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, " The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger ! "

LORD TENNYSON.

Faithless Nelly Gray

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms :
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, " Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot ! "

The army-surgeons made him limbs :
Said he, " They're only pegs :
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs ! "

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off !

" O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform ! "

Said she, " I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !

" Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now ! "

" O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches !* "

" Why, then," said she, " you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms ! "

" O false and fickle Nelly Gray !
I know why you refuse :
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes !

" I wish I ne'er had seen your face ;
But now, a long farewell !
For you will be my death ; alas !
You will not be my *Nell !* "

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line !

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course.
He soon was off his legs !

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up
It could not cut him down !

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside !

THOMAS HOOD.

The New Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens

THE King sits in Dumferline toun
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
" O wha will rear me an equilateral triangle
Upon a given straight line ? "

O up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the King's right knee—
" Of a' the clerks by Granta side
Sir Patrick bears the gree.

" 'Tis he was taught by the Tod-huntère,
Tho' not at the tod-hunting ;
Yet gif that he be given a line
He'll do as brave a thing."

Our King has written a braid letter
To Cambrigge or thereby,
And there it found Sir Patrick Spens
Evaluating π.

He hadna warked his quotient
A point but barely three,
There stepped to him a little foot-page
And louted on his knee.

The first word that Sir Patrick read
" *Plus x* " was a' he said :
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
'Twas " *plus expenses paid.*"

The last word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e :
" The pound I most admire is not
In Scottish currencie."

Stately stepped he east the wa',
And stately stepped he north ;
He fetched a compass frae his ha'
And stood beside the Forth.

Then gurly grew the waves o' Forth
And gurlier by-and-by—
" O never yet was sic a storm,
Yet it isna sic as I ! "

Syne he had crossed the Firth o' Forth
Untill Dumferline toun,
And tho' he came with a kittle wame
Fu' low he louted down.

" A line, a line, a gude straight line,
O King, purvey me quick !
And see it be of thilka kind
That's neither braid nor thick."

" Nor thick nor braid ? " King Jamie said,
" I'll eat my gude hatband
If arra line as ye define
Be found in our Scotland."

" Tho' there be nane in a' thy rule
It sall be ruled by me ; "
And lichtly with his little pencil
He's ruled the line A B.

Stately stepped he east the wa',
And stately stepped he west ;
" Ye touch the button," Sir Patrick said,
" And I sall do the rest."

And he has set his compass foot
Untill the centre A,
From A to B he's stretched it oot—
" Ye Scottish carles, give way ! "

Syne he has moved his compass foot
  Untill the centre B,
From B to A he's stretched it oot,
  And drawn it viz-a-vee.

The ane circle was B C D,
  And A C E the tither,
" I rede ye well," Sir Patrick said,
  " They interseck ilk ither.

" See here, and where they interseck—
  To wit with yon point C—
Ye'll just obsairve that I conneck
  The twa points A and B.

" And there ye have a little triangle
  As bonny as e'er was seen ;
The whilk is not isosceles,
  Nor yet it is scalene."

" The proof ! the proof ! " King Jamie cried :
  " The how and eke the why ! "
Sir Patrick laughed within his beard—
  " 'Tis *ex hypothesi*—

" When I ligg'd in my mither's airms
  I learn'd it frae my mither,
That things was equal to the same
  Was equal ane to t'ither.

" Sith in the circle first I drew
  The lines B A, B C,
Be radii true, I wit to you
  The baith maun equal be.

" Likewise and in the second circle
  Whilk I drew widdershins
It is nae skaith the radii baith
  A B, A C, be twins.

" And sith of three a pair agree
That ilk suld equal ane,
By certes they maun equal be
Ilk unto ilk by-lane."

" Now by my faith ! " King Jamie saith,
" What *plane* geometrie !
If only Potts had written in Scots,
How loocid Potts would be ! "

" Now, wow's my life ! " saith Jamie the King,
And the Scots lords said the same,
For but it was that envious knicht
Sir Hughie o' the Graeme.

" Flim-flam, flim-flam ! " and " Ho-indeed ? "
Quod Hughie o' the Graeme ;
" 'Tis I could better upon my heid
This prabblin prablem-game."

Sir Patrick Spens was nothing laith
When as he heard " flim-flam,"
But syne he's ta'en a silken claith
And wiped his diagram.

" Gif my small feat may bettered be,
Sir Hew, by thy big head,
What I hae done with an A B C
Do thou with X Y Z."

Then sairly sairly swore Sir Hew,
And loudly laucht the King ;
But Sir Patrick tuk the pipes and blew,
And *played* that eldritch thing !

He's play'd it reel, he's play'd it jig,
And the baith alternative ;
And he's danced Sir Hew to the Asses' Brigg,
That's Proposeetion Five.

And there they've met and there they've fet,
  Forenenst the Asses' Brigg,
And waefu', waefu' was the fate
  That gar'd them there to ligg.

For there Sir Patrick's slain Sir Hew,
  And Sir Hew, Sir Patrick Spens.
Now was not that a fine to-do
  For Euclid's Elemen's ?

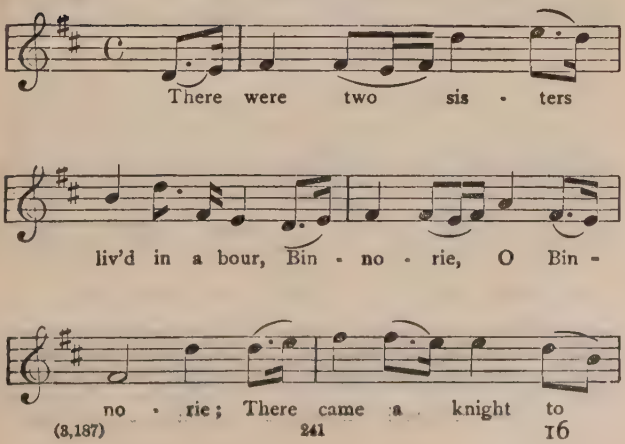
But let us sing Long live the King !
  And his foes the Deil attend 'em :
For he has gotten his little triangle,
  Quod erat faciendum !

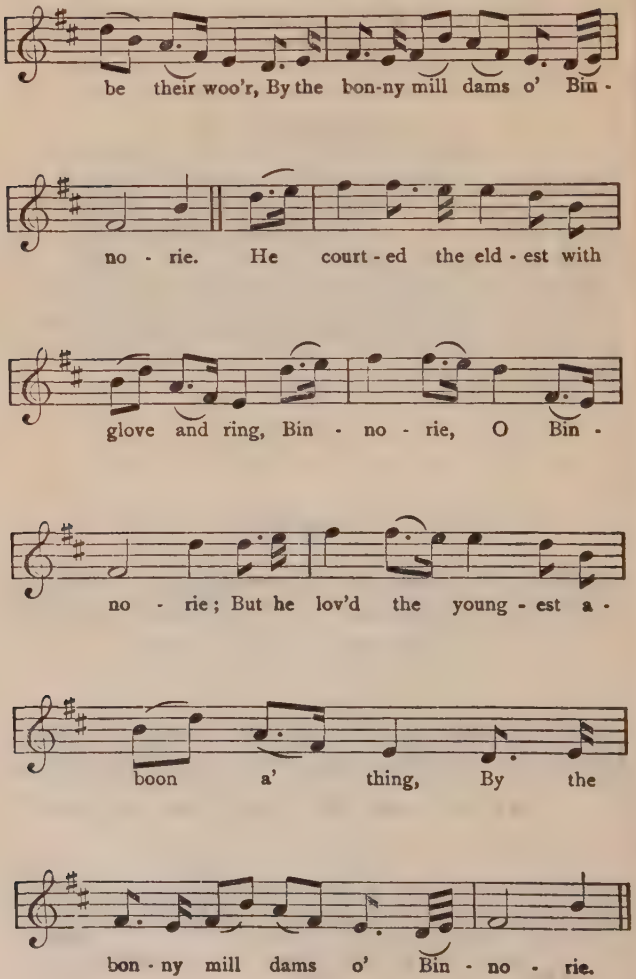
SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

APPENDIX A

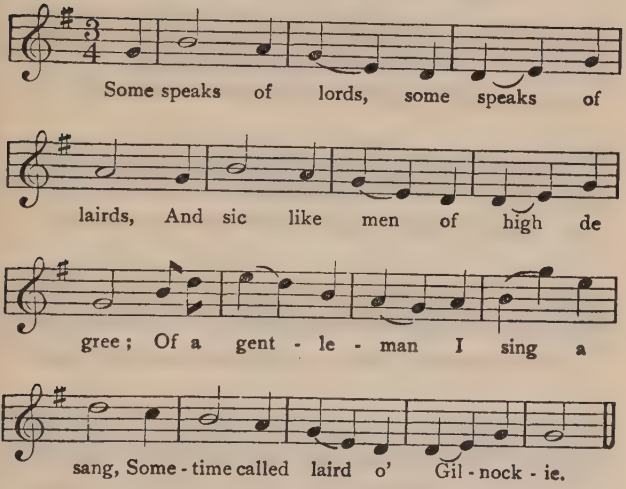
THE genuine antiquity of the airs which follow cannot be vouched for. They have all been published at some time or other as the traditional melodies of their respective ballads, and have as much claim to be regarded as genuine as a large number of others which I have omitted, on the ground that I cannot visualize pupils ever wanting to sing such "loud laments and dismal misereres."

1. BINNORIE

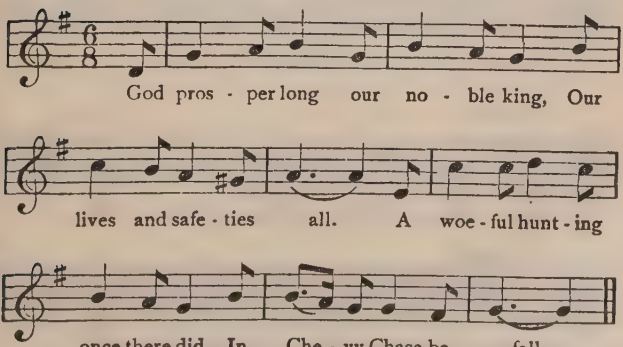



be their woo'r, By the bon-ny mill dams o' Bin -
no - rie. He court - ed the eld - est with
glove and ring, Bin - no - rie, O Bin -
no - rie; But he lov'd the young - est a -
boon a' thing, By the
bon - ny mill dams o' Bin - no - rie.

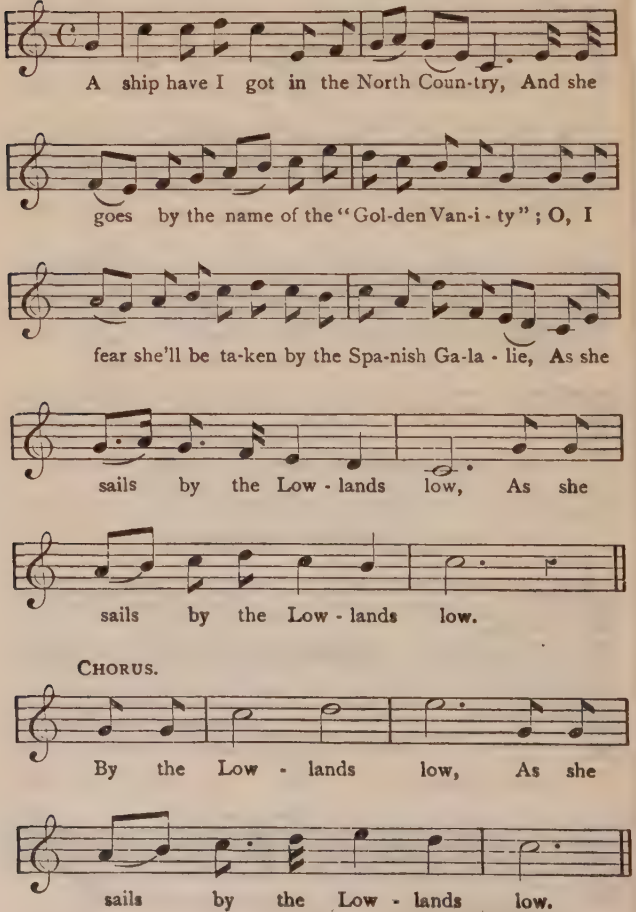
2. JOHNIE ARMSTRONG


Some speaks of lords, some speaks of
lairds, And sic like men of high de
gree; Of a gent - le - man I sing a
sang, Some - time called laird o' Gil - nock - ie.

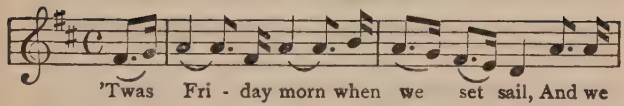
3. CHEVY CHASE

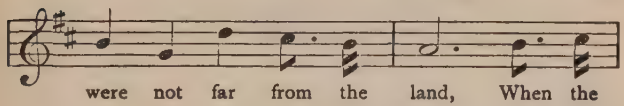


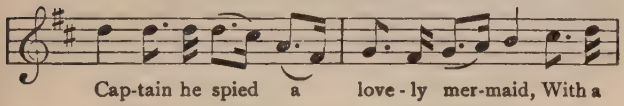
4. THE "GOLDEN VANITY"

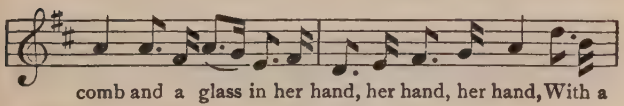

A ship have I got in the North Coun-try, And she
goes by the name of the "Gol-den Van-i-ty"; O, I
fear she'll be ta-ken by the Spa-nish Ga-la-lie, As she
sails by the Low-lands low, As she
sails by the Low-lands low.
Chorus.
By the Low-lands low, As she
sails by the Low-lands low.

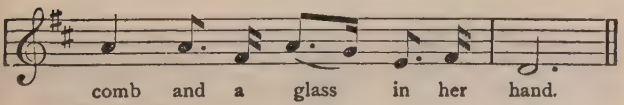
5. THE MERMAID



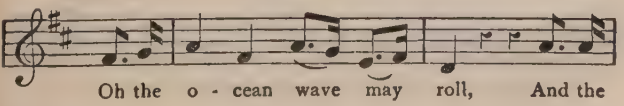


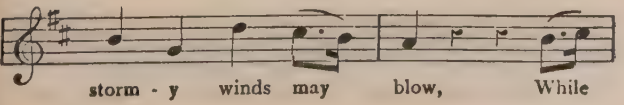


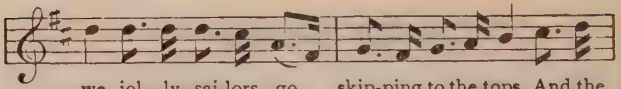


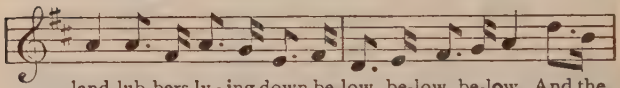


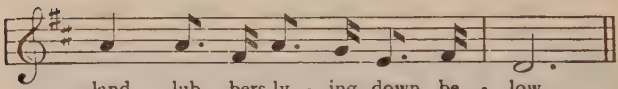
CHORUS.



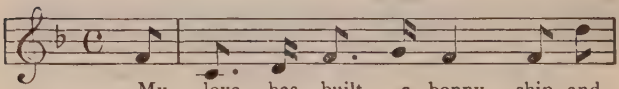


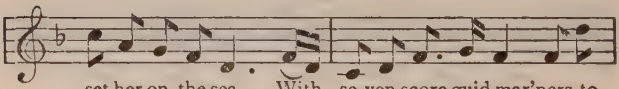


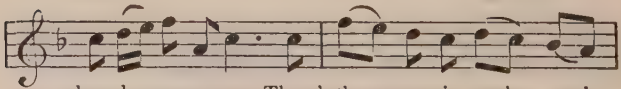


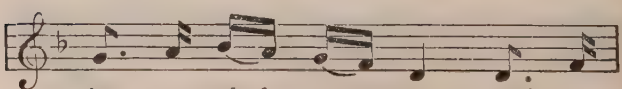


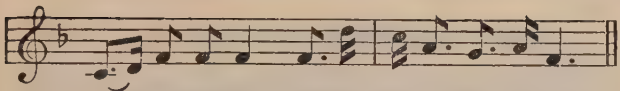
6. THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND





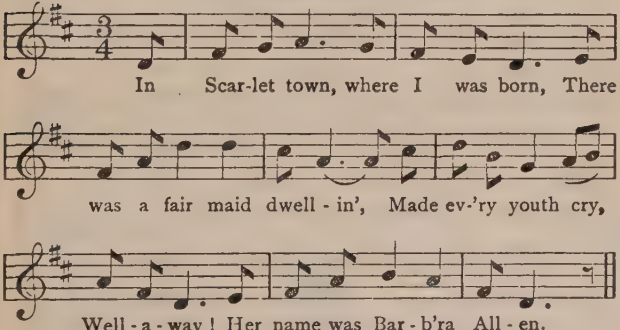




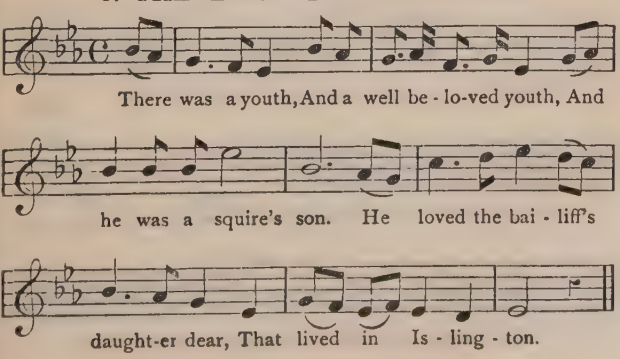


The above, in which many will recognize "Of a' the Airts," is the original of *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey*, from which that air is adapted.

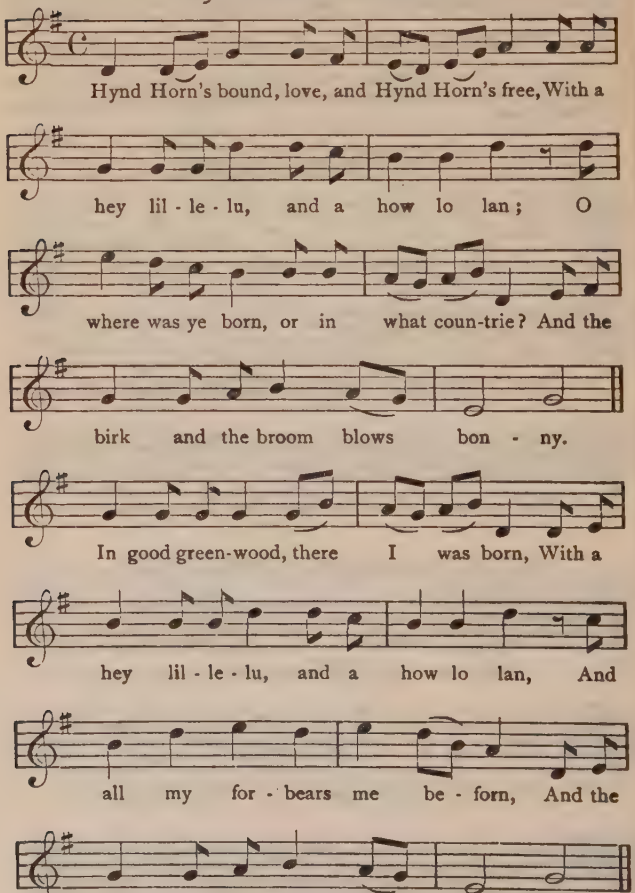
7. BARBARA ALLEN



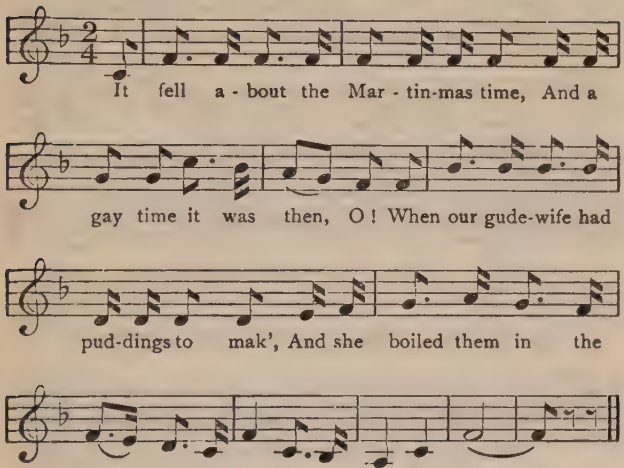
8. THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER


There was a youth, And a well be - lo-ved youth, And
he was a squire's son. He loved the bai - liff's
daught-er dear, That lived in Is - ling - ton.

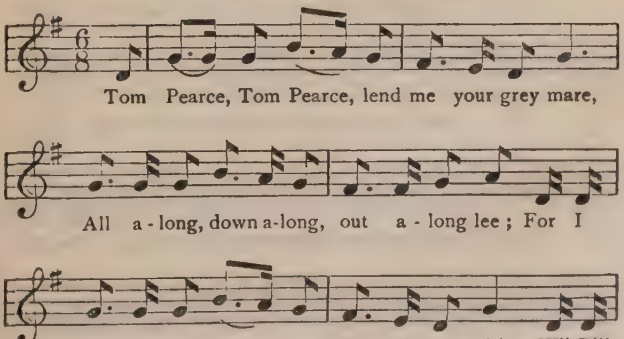
9. HYND HORN

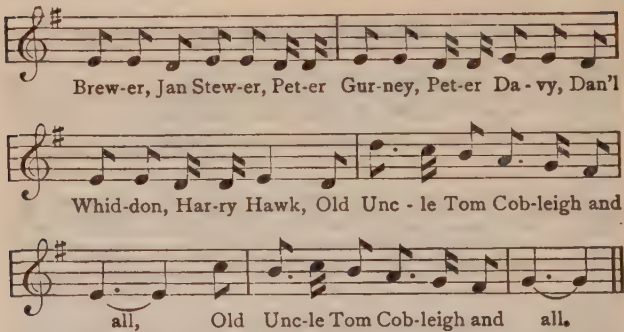

Hynd Horn's bound, love, and Hynd Horn's free, With a
hey lil - le - lu, and a how lo lan; O
where was ye born, or in what coun-trie? And the
birk and the broom blows bon - ny.
In good green-wood, there I was born, With a
hey lil - le - lu, and a how lo lan, And
all my for - bears me be - forn, And the
birk and the broom blows bon - ny.

10. GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

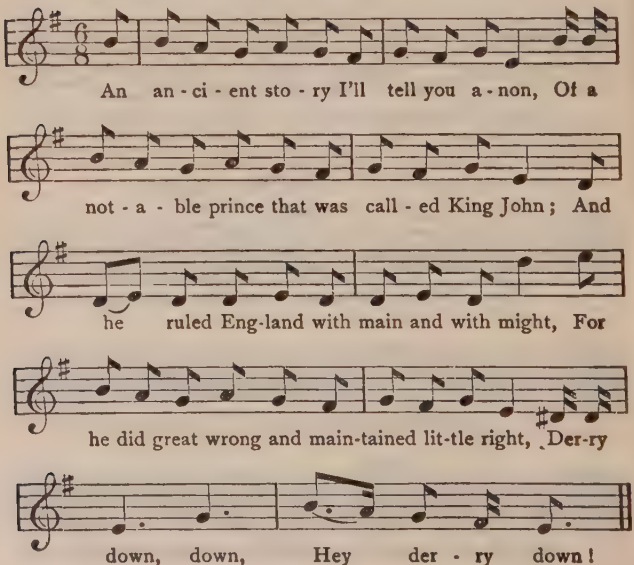

It fell a - bout the Mar - tin-mas time, And a
gay time it was then, O! When our gude-wife had
pud-dings to mak', And she boiled them in the
pan, O! The bar-rin' o' our door! Weel . .

11. WIDDICOMBE FAIR

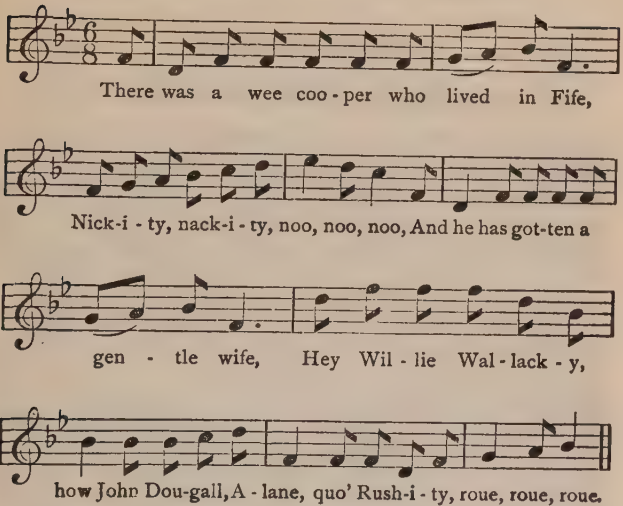

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All a - long, down a-long, out a - long lee; For I
want for to go to Wid - di-combe fair, Wi' Bill


Brew-er, Jan Stew-er, Pet-er Gur-ney, Pet-er Da - vy, Dan'l
Whid-don, Har-ry Hawk, Old Unc - le Tom Cob-leigh and
all, Old Unc-le Tom Cob-leigh and all.

12. KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT


An an - ci - ent sto - ry I'll tell you a - non, Of a
not - a - ble prince that was call - ed King John; And
he ruled Eng-land with main and with might, For
he did great wrong and main-tained lit-tle right, Der-ry
down, down, Hey der - ry down!

13. THE WEE COOPER O' FIFE


There was a wee coo - per who lived in Fife,
Nick-i - ty, nack-i - ty, noo, noo, noo, And he has got-ten a
gen - tle wife, Hey Wil - lie Wal - lack - y,
how John Dou-gall, A - lane, quo' Rush-i - ty, roue, roue, roue.

APPENDIX B

PLAY-MAKING FROM THE BALLADS

Of recent discoveries in the teaching of poetry perhaps none has been so helpful or so widely adopted as dramatization ; and of all poems, it is not too much to say, none are more easily dramatized than the old ballads, so full are they of action, of dialogue, and of striking situations. It may not, then, be out of place to offer here a few hints on how this may be done.

Of the old ballads in Part I of this book some are too fragmentary and others too short for our purpose. Our first task then is to select a piece of fair length which has a complete story to tell. Among these are *Sir Patrick Spens, Otterbourne, Kinmont Willie, Hynd Horn, The Dowie Houms, King John and the Abbot.* Next we must carefully study some play or other to find out how such things are written down. One of the first points we notice here is that the author never speaks in his own person. Any opinions he has to give, and any descriptions he wishes to convey, must all be put in the mouths of his characters. Thus in play-making we must frequently carry out such changes as :

True Thomas. O, it's mirk, mirk night, and there's nae stern light,
And we're wading through red blude to the knee.
Queen. Aye, a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' this countrie—

for

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee ;

For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

We observe, too, that a dramatist divides his story into *scenes—i.e.* every part of it is shown in the place where it is supposed to have happened. If we look now at a ballad we shall find that as many as six or seven different places may be mentioned. We cannot always be shifting scenery for the sake of a few words or a single action. We must therefore try to combine some of the shorter scenes of the ballad into one, or to attach them to the larger. This may often be done by bringing in a messenger, who describes to the people in one place what has happened in another.

Another obvious difference is that there is far more talking in a play than in a ballad. We cannot put actors on the stage and give them nothing to say to each other. And so we must try to imagine what the ballad characters said, and form new speeches for them in keeping with what they happen to be doing. Not every one has a turn for verse-writing, of course, but there is no reason why the whole story should not be turned into prose for dramatic purposes.

There is not space available here to dramatize a ballad in full, but we can give a brief summary of what one would look like as a play.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

Characters : The King, lords and ladies of his court, cupbearers and pages ; the Norwegian ambassador and his train ; Sir Patrick Spens and two of his officers ; seamen.

Scene I. The king's palace at Dunfermline. The king and his court assembled, the ambassador and his train. The king inquires for a skeely skipper, and

Sir Patrick is recommended. A page is sent to summon him to the presence. Meanwhile there is some conversation about the voyage and approaching marriage. The king proposes the health of the bridegroom (whom we will suppose to have been Eric of Norway) and the ambassador that of the bride (Margaret, daughter of the king, Alexander). Enter next Sir Patrick, who receives his commission to make the voyage. Exeunt all except Sir Patrick and his two officers. He grumbles, as in the ballad, and bids his officers make all ready to sail. They go out "severally."

Scene II. Sir Patrick's ship, in harbour at Norway. A quarrel arises between him and the Norwegian lords. In a towering rage he issues sailing orders, regardless of prophecies of disaster.

Scene III. The ship at sea. Much good description may be borrowed for this scene from the beginning of Shakespeare's *Tempest.* (Those boys and girls who have no part in the scene can imitate with their mouths the rising wail of the wind, and with their fists on the desks the rolling thunder peals.) It is impossible, of course, to stage convincingly the wreck of the vessel. The final stages must be woven into a reported narrative delivered in

Scene IV. Dunfermline again. The king and his court (chiefly ladies) discussing the late storm, and anxiously awaiting news of the vessel, now overdue. There is a commotion at the door of the audience chamber, and in staggers the sole survivor, picked up, let us say, by a passing vessel. From him they hear the last sad tidings.

Possibly this or some other play may be worked up by the teacher as an example. After it has been performed the pupils will have enough experience to make a shape at something of the same kind for themselves, and those efforts which are very good may even have the honour of performance by the class.

One or two of the pieces which are hardly suitable for turning into a regular play will make splendid action songs. Two which are frequently performed in this way are *Get Up and Bar the Door* and *The Wee Cooper o' Fife*. For convenience, the airs of these are included in Appendix A. *The Carnal and the Crane* would make what one might call an action dialogue, two pupils taking the parts of crane and crow, and the others accompanying their recitation in dumb show.

NOTE.—Those who have never previously attempted this kind of work will find much practical help, including suggestions for dramatizing *King John and the Abbot*, in *Pattern Plays* (T.E S., No. 20) by E. C. Oakden and Mary Sturt.

GLOSSARY

agramie, herb used in witchcraft.
airns, irons.
ancyent, ensign.
attour, out-over.

bauld, bold.
ben, in, inner-room.
bigget, built.
birk, birch.
bode, offer.
bout, bolt.
bught, pen for ewes.
burd, maid, damsel.
but and, except.
butt, out, outer room.
branking, prancing.
brant, steep.
braw, fine.
brede, go mad.
bree, water in which something has been boiled.
brie, *bree*, brow.

cantrip, magic.
carle, old man.
carline, old woman.
carp, chant, recite.
channerin', fretting.
claiding, clothing.
claught, clutched.
cleikit, snatched.
clouted, *cloutie*, patched.
corbie, crow.
coulter, ploughshare.
craig, rock.
cramoisie, crimson.
cronach, death-wail.
curch, kerchief, head-dress.

daw, *dawing*, dawn.
dee, do.
den, small river-valley.
dere, injury.
dight, dress, wipe, beat.
dine, dinner.
ding, knock down.
doited, crazy.
dought, could.
dow, can.
dowie, melancholy.
drovyers, beaters, drovers.
drumly, gloomy.
dyke, wall.

even cloth, perhaps broadcloth, or a corruption of Elfin.
eke, also.

fa', befall.
fail, turf.
fashes, troubles.
faured, favoured.
fee, wages.
fell, skin, hide.
fence, bout of crowing.
fend, provide for.
ferlie, marvel.
fleyed, scared.
flytin', scolding.
for and, and also.
forehammers, sledge-hammers.
forenent, opposite.
forhooy'd, forsook.
frush, brittle.
furs, furrows.

gar, make, compel.
Gaunt, Ghent.
gleg, sharp, alert.
glowert, glared.
good-brother, brother-in-law.
goved, stared.
gowany, daisy-covered.
grammarye, art-magic.
gree (*bear the*), take first place.
greet, weep.
gudeman, master of house.
gudewife, mistress, housewife.
gurly, grim, threatening.

halden, held.
half-fou, one to three bushels.
happer, hopper of mill.
haugh, water-meadow.
hauld, stronghold.
heize, raise.
heght, promised.
hent, caught, took.
herry, harry, pillage.
hight, called.
hindberrye, blackberry.
houf, haunt.
houm, *howm*, holm.
housewifeskep, housewifery.
Humbledowne, Homildon Hill.
hyne, behind.

ilk(*a*), each.

jalousin', guessing.
joukit, dodged.
iow, stroke of a bell.

kale, colewort; broth.
keekit, peeped.
kelpy, water-sprite.
kinnen, rabbit (coney).
kittle, delicate, queasy.

laigh, low.
laird, landholder not noble.
lap, leapt.
lawing, tavern reckoning.
lave, remainder.
laverock, lark.
leal, loyal.
lear, learning.
leman, lover.
leme, glow.
leven, lawn, glade.
lift, sky.
ligg, lie.
lightly, slight.
list (*n.*), pleasure.
list (*v.*), please.
loun, low fellow.
loupen, jumped.
louted, bowed.
low, flame.
lowne, low, soft.

madwort, witches' herb.
mail, rent; *cf.* blackmail.
'maist, almost.
make, mate.
marrow, mate.
mavis, thrush.
may, maid.
merk, two-thirds of a pound
merle, blackbird.
miminy, prim.
minny, mother.
mirk, dark.
moss, bog.

neist, next.
nicker, whinny.

pallions, pavilions.

pest, plague.
pillourichie, confusion.
plat, plaited, intertwined.

quh, equals wh—.

raike, roam.
randies, viragoes.
reek, smoke.
reign, range (?).
reiver, raider.
row-footed, rough-footed.

sark, shirt.
saugh, willow.
seely court, fairy court.
sevmar, vest.
shaw, thicket.
shea', sheath.
sheugh, trench.
shie, shoe.
shill, shrill.
shoon, shoes.
shot-window, perhaps loop-hole.
silly, simple (not *foolish*).
skirlin', screeching.
slack, low ground.
slight, demolish.
sloken, quench, slake.
sneer, snort.
snicker, whinny.
snood, girl's head-dress.
snowk, suspect.
soummin', floating, swimming.
souter, cobbler.
spauld, shoulder.
spier, *speer*, inquire.
splent, plate-armour.
stark, strong.
stern-light, starlight.
stey, steep.
stown, stolen.
study, anvil.
swakked, *swapped*, smote.
swither (*n.*), commotion.
swither (*v.*), hesitate.

taffetie, silk.
tansy, witch's herb.
targat, tassel.
teti, lock.
thole, endure, put forth.
thrawart, wilful.
tint, lost.
tirled at the pin, rattled at the latch.
Tivydale, Teviotdale.
tod, fox.
twin'd, separated, severed.

wad (1), would.
wad (2), pledge, wager.
waled, chose.
wap, wrap, bind.
weird, fate.
well-faured, well-favoured.
well-wight, strong, manly.
wene, bower.
whatena, what kind of, whatever.
win, gain, reach.
withershins, E. to W. through N.
won, dwell.
wud, *wode*, mad.

yerl, earl.
yett, gate.
yorlin, yellowhammer.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT
THE PRESS OF THE PUBLISHERS